

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

S T O R I E S

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

V O L. IV.

TALES OF THE CASTLES

S. T. O. R. I. E

IN THE HISTORY OF THE

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

S T O R I E S

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

LES VEILLES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

By MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION,
ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Come raccende il gusto il mutar' esca,
Così mi par, che la mia Istoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata sia,
Meno a chi l'udirà noiosa fia.

ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the sickening taste,
So, while my Muse pursues her varied strains,
Tale following Tale the ravish'd ear detains.

HOOPE.

The THIRD EDITION.

V O L. IV.

L O N D O N :

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TRANSLATED BY

ANNE A. A. A.

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STORIES
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THE Baronness ceased to speak; but, as it was not late, the company did not immediately break up. I am highly delighted, said M. de la Palinière, with the description of Angel Sound, the good old woman of ninety-five, and the repast at which the Baron was present; it recalls to my mind one of the most charming feasts I ever beheld.

O pray describe it.

Willingly——It was in Russia. During the month of July, I was travelling through Livo-

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nia (a), with a Russian friend, who was desirous of stopping at a Relation's country-seat. I was struck with the aspect of this habitation, which rather resembled a small town than a house. It was composed of a large building, surrounded by twelve smaller compartments, each connected with the other by covered galleries.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when we arrived at this vast mansion. We found all the domestics in a great hurry. My friend asked for Novorgêve (that was the name of their Master) and was answered that one of his grand-daughters was just brought to-bed. Since that is the case, said my friend, we will go and take a walk in the wood; and accordingly we went.

As we walked, I was inquisitive, and my friend replied, Novorgêve is a venerable old man of seventy-five, and possesses a large fortune, entirely of his own acquiring. On this spot was he born, but it was in a cottage. His father was a Farmer, and only owned the small lands that lie round here, and the copse in which we now are. At fourteen, young Novorgêve went to Riga, under the care of a Merchant, who was related to his father. His industry and understanding were so evident that his relation, the Merchant, conceived

(a) Livonia is one of the finest provinces in all Russia; the land is so fertile that it is called the Granary of the North. Riga, a large and rich town, is its capital.

the

the greatest hopes of him; and, giving him letters of recommendation, sent him to Petersburg, certain that, in order to succeed, he wanted only to be known.

In a country where, without the advantages of birth, men may aspire to honourable employments and dignities, the young Novorgève could not fail to make his fortune; he soon found protectors, and went at first into the army, whence, after having proved his conduct was equal to his courage, he was recalled, and fixed at Court. About this time he had the misfortune to lose his father. He had two Sisters left, who constantly refused every offer of fraternal assistance. These Sisters, who were models of the most affecting friendship, and of moderation still more uncommon, would never marry, that they might never be asunder: they were perfectly satisfied with the state in which their destiny had placed them.

Seduced by ambition, Novorgève sought and obtained a wife among the Great. She conducted herself with decency; but she made him unhappy by her haughtiness and pride. She died, and left him six children; three boys and three girls, the eldest of whom was eight years old. Novorgève then resigned all his employments, and asked permission to retire. Hitherto he had only lived in splendor and perturbation; at last he wished for

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peace, quitted the Court, and rejoined his sisters, never to leave them more.

As soon as he came here he built this vast mansion, but he erased not the humble dwelling of his father, which stands at the other end of this wood; to him it is a kind of sacred temple, and is visited by him every day. His employment is the education of his children, to which his Sisters likewise most assiduously contribute. Nor did he neglect to renew his acquaintance with the Farmers, who had been the old friends of his father, as soon as he returned to this his native country; for, after he had carefully examined the œconomy of their families, he chose, from among them, wives and husbands for his children.

In consequence of this project, he himself undertook to direct the education of the children he intended for his future sons and daughters-in-law. This education was not what the world in general understands by a good one; he was only desirous that they should learn to read, write, and cast accounts; but he was particularly assiduous that their manners should be gentle, their morals pure, their piety sincere, and their time well employed. His virtuous designs succeeded according to his wishes; he has married his children as he projected, and there is no father whose happiness can equal his. All living under the same roof, his numerous family increases every year; so that he has been
obliged,

obliged, successively, to build the twelve additional compartments which surround his mansion. Here he lives like a Patriarch, with his two respectable Sisters, and a multitude of children and grandchildren, all clothed like himself and his forefathers; that is to say, like countrymen and women; but each enjoying every convenience of life, and tasting a happiness which is so little sought only because it is so little known.

As my friend finished his recital, I remarked, there was upon each tree an Inscription, bearing a Date and a Name; and I asked him what was the meaning of this singularity?

In order to understand it, said he, it is necessary to inform you of an ancient custom in this country, the origin of which is unknown to me. At the birth of each child, the father of the family plants a tree, on which he inscribes the name of the infant, and the year of it's birth (*a*). Thus each proprietor of land, if but a little extended, possesses one of these sacred woods, where the axe never wounds the tree in its vigour; but, as soon as it begins to decay, it is then cut down, which is not done without great ceremony.

The family and the neighbours are assembled, the tree is felled in their presence, and its Inscrip-

(*a*) It is very true that this custom exists in Russia; but I am not certain it is in the province of Livonia.

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tion entered in a Register, with a formal memorandum of the year in which it was cut down. The friends and relations sign the writing as having been witnesses of the procedure; and these Registers preserve the names and memories of our ancestors with the greater certitude, because there is an entry made in another Register of the birth of the infant, and a description of the species of tree that has been planted in the family wood, on the day of its birth.

While my friend was speaking, we heard at a distance the sound of rustic music. Let us meet them, said he, they are going to plant the tree of the child who was born this morning, and we shall see the venerable Novorgêve attended by a numerous train. We cannot speak to him just at this instant; but after the ceremony he will join us, and invite us to dinner.

We quickened our pace, and, guided by the music, arrived in a copse or kind of nursery, full of young trees; where we found assembled some two hundred people, including about a score of young children. They were all clothed according to the custom of the Livonian Peasants: the dress of the men had nothing in it remarkable, but I thought that of the women agreeable and picturesque; they had folds of muslin about their heads, which hid only a part of their hair, but which flowed down and covered all their shoulders: they
all

all had brown jackets, fringed stuff girdles, and petticoats richly embroidered.

As I advanced, I discovered in the midst of this crowd, an old man, of a mild, yet majestic presence, clothed like the other Peasants, but whose simple and coarse habit formed a very singular contrast to the brilliant order he wore. It was a large white Riband, pendent to which was a magnificent Cross, enriched with diamonds (*a*). That is Novorgêve, said my Guide, as you will easily imagine, from the singularity of his appearance. The badge of distinction he wears is doubtless dear to his heart; it is gratitude, and not pride, which makes him bear with joy this honourable badge of his Sovereign's benevolence.

Be kind enough to tell me, said I, who that young man is that stands on his right hand?

One of his grandsons, replied my friend, and the father of the child newly born. Those two venerable Women on his left are his aged Sisters; and all the rest that stand immediately next to him are his descendants.

How many do you suppose them to be?

Nearly fifty people, reckoning his sons and daughters-in-law, and they all live in the mansion-house you have seen. The rest of the as-

(*a*) The Order of St. Andrew, instituted by the Czar Peter I.

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fembly is compofed of the relations, neighbours, and friends of the family. But hufh! the ceremony is going to begin.

I drew as near to the old man as poffible, faw him take a fpade, and, with an arm ftill vigorous, open the earth and plant the tree. When this was done, he, according to cuftom, pronounced feveral benedictions over it: he prayed that the tree might flourish, as long as the *Fir, Peter Novorgève*, the oldeft tree in the wood; and that the infant, whole name it bore, might fit beneath its fhade, with the children of his grand-children.

When he had ended, the Register was brought, in which the principal perfons of the Affembly wrote their names. After which Novorgève received the young infant in his arms, and the proceffion again began to the found of mufic.

We followed the crowd, which conducted us to the other extremity of the wood, into an immense and verdant Amphitheatre, furrounded by the fineft trees I yet had feen. The profpect was charming, the trees were all hung with garlands of flowers, while a dozen neat cradles difperfed here and there, and fufpended with ribands to the large branches, were not, as you will find, the leaft interefting ornament of this delightful place.

My companion fhewed me the *Fir, Peter Novorgève*. I admired its prodigious height, and fee-
ing

ing two oaks at some distance, between which was placed a column of white marble upon a hillock of earth, I asked my Guide what it meant. I was answered that those trees were particularly dear to Novorgêve; that one of them bore the name of his father, the other of his grandfather; and that the column was a monument of his tenderness and respect for their memories. On it was engraved a Russian inscription, which contained the eulogium of Anastasius and Alexis Novorgêve, dictated by feeling and truth, of which the following is the sense:

“ Heaven, in recompense of their sincere piety,
 “ taught them true happiness; they found and enjoyed it in their family, in the pleasures of the
 “ country, and the labours of agriculture.”

I suppose, continued I, that cradle, which I observe is more ornamented than the others, and is hung between these two oaks, is designed for the new-born infant.

Exactly so; and look, the old man approaches towards those trees: he takes the child, and places it in the cradle.

Novorgêve having laid his grandson in the destined place, formed a species of trophy, composed of various instruments of husbandry, which were presented to him, and which he attached to one of the trees by the side of the cradle. He himself explained the meaning of this custom, saying

the boy was consecrated to the occupations of a country life, and ended by reading aloud the inscription of the marble column.

When the old man had ceased speaking, the women, who had young children in their arms, laid them in the other cradles, sat themselves down at the foot of the trees, took hold of long ribands that hung from their sides, and, pulling them, gently, from time to time, gave an easy motion to the cradles, thus balanced, and this way amused or lulled the children to sleep (*a*). While young mothers of twenty, in the midst of feasting, found no pleasures so sweet as those of tending their children, the lads and lasses of the family and the neighbourhood, assembled in their Amphitheatre, danced and sung in honour of the festival. They sung also a long ballad, entitled "The Sea-sons," in which, after having painted the pleasures of Spring, of Summer, and of Autumn, they celebrated the Winter with still more circumstantial energy; described the swiftness of their sledges, and vaunted, in a simple yet affecting manner, of their long wintry evening, which glided so deliciously away, when assembled and sitting amidst their families around their paternal fires.

(*a*) The country women, in Russia, suspend cradles to trees during summer, and rock their children after this manner. See *Les Costumes Russes*, by M. le Prince.

THE TALES OF THE CASTLE. II

The songs ended, they danced to the sound of the Balayes (*a*), while several young girls walked round with baskets, and offered the spectators cakes and clougwa (*b*). The relations and neighbours took leave of the old man at noon, and departed; but he detained me and my friend to dinner, and took us to the cottage which his father had formerly inhabited.

This place, said he, retraces to my memory the most pleasing ideas: here I come and meditate every morning; and, could it have contained my numerous family, here, beneath this revered roof, I had ended my days.

The old man then sat himself down upon a mat, and placed us by his side. He spoke French tolerably well, and answered my questions with all the politeness of a man who had lived twenty years at Court, and all the candour, good-nature, and simplicity of a Hermit and a Husbandman. He painted his happiness in a most affecting manner. I have known the Court, said he, and all the pleasures which success, vanity, and favour can give; but then my head was busy, and my heart was void and dissatisfied. A prey to inquietude and fear, I was obliged to defend myself from the

(*a*) A kind of guittar with a long neck.

(*b*) A nice fruit, smaller than the cherry, and very common in Russia.

snare of hatred, and the malignity of envy, as well as to support the fatigue of indiscreet requests. Each day I underwent the chagrin of making people discontented or ungrateful, and of seeing myself deprived of the counsels and consolations of friendship. Heaven, at length, removed the film from my eyes, and taught me, that man, sent for a moment into existence, is but a lunatic to waste that moment in accumulating perishable riches, and sacrificing repose to cupidity. I lost half my fortune by giving up my employments; but I recovered my freedom by renouncing factitious passions: by again acquiring a taste for the pleasures which nature presents, I once more regained the health I had lost, and the pure happiness my early youth had known. Thus it is that a simplicity of manners, occupations, and pleasures, prolongs and embellishes life, and renders our latter days as smiling and as fortunate as the happy years of infancy; of which we preserve so powerful and so sweet a recollection only because they were spent in innocence, and free from the tumults of the passions.

I was far from being tired of listening to the virtuous Novorgêve, but dinner interrupted our conversation, to which we sat down in the center of the Amphitheatre where they had danced. I beheld with rapture the old man surrounded by his family, and seated between his two respectable

respectable Sisters. I could not understand the language of his children, but I could see the expression of their countenances, which internal joy and content illumined and inspired.

After dinner Novorgêve led me to his mansion, which was as simple as it was vast. No studied appendages of luxury and idleness were there; beds without curtains, wooden chairs and tables, and mats made of rushes, composed the furniture; long branches of trees artfully interlaced, and abundant in foliage, were the only ornaments (*a*).

The hall was large enough to contain all the family. Here they conversed about an hour, and then departed. We staid with the master of the house, who asked us to walk in his gardens; when we came there, he took off his order of Saint Andrew, hung it upon a tree, flung his coat upon the grass, and, taking a hoe, began to work, without interrupting his conversation with us.

The gardens were immense; I saw about a dozen Gardeners, and soon knew them to be the sons of Novorgêve, with whom we had dined. I then learnt that the others were gone to similar

(*a*) It is the custom in Russia during summer, and especially among the country people, thus to decorate the inside of their houses; therefore it is that such a quantity of people are met in their towns, loaded with green boughs to sell: in some apartments, these branches are put in vases full of water.

labours

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labours in the adjacent fields, and that the women were all occupied in their household duties ; some had the care of the kitchen, others of the dairy ; some were spinning, some knitting, some sewing, not one was idle till seven o'clock in the evening, at which hour all the company assembled to supper. With what pleasure did they sit down ! With what appetite did they eat !

Before they went to bed, the good Novorgève read his children a moral and christian lesson ; after which they all kneeled down, and the old man recited his prayers aloud, which he ended by pronouncing a benediction on the family. After this every body went to rest, and enjoyed the sweets of peaceable and profound sleep. The next morning I departed with a picture of this mansion, and of the happy Philosopher that owned it, which time can never efface from my memory or my heart.

M. de la Palinière ended, and the Baronness rose, thanked him for his complaisance, and instantly retired, for it was near half past ten o'clock. Their tales were interrupted for some days, because Madame de Clémire, whose turn it was to relate, had a cold ; but they conversed together.

Cæsar recollected that the Baronness, in her history of Olympia, had said honour was more severe than the laws ; and asked the reason why ?

Laws,

Laws, replied the Baronness, are enacted for the general community; we must not expect generous and delicate sentiments from the multitude, consequently the laws cannot regulate certain actions and sensations: were they more severe, they would be observed only by a few, therefore could not contribute to the general good: they confine themselves to forbid manifest violence and injustice, because they are made for the regulation of common and not superior minds. For which reason you may observe, that the man whose probity consists in merely obeying the laws, can neither be truly virtuous nor estimable; for he will find many opportunities of doing contemptible and even dishonest acts, which the laws cannot punish. Hence you may comprehend how law may authorize what honour may proscribe; and wherefore it is shameful to prosecute, in instances where you would be certain of gaining the cause.

But what is yet more, said M. de la Palinière, there are even crimes which, not having produced any tragical event, are not punishable by the laws: such for example as calumny (a).

But

(a) Calumniators in Poland are punished in a way as odd as it is infamous to the Culprit; when convicted, he is obliged, in full senate, to crouch on the ground at the
foot

But a Calumniator, said Cæsar, is universally despised.

Certainly; he is dishonoured, and so are all those who profit by the indulgence of the laws to commit acts which are, in themselves, unwarrantable.

I do not thoroughly comprehend, said Cæsar, what you mean by being dishonoured?

A man whom the public voice accuses of dishonourable actions.

The multitude then has delicacy, since its judgments are so just, and more severe than the laws. Wherefore, *Law made for the multitude* ought to ordain virtuous acts.

There is no man, however wicked, or however vulgar, but what naturally loves virtue, and hates vice. His passions make him act against his conscience; but, while his conscience reproves him for his own errors, it demonstrates so clearly the errors of others that he cannot reject its testimony. Hence it is that men act ill, and judge well. Feeble, and corrupted, they give way

foot of the person's seat whose honour he has attacked, and declare, with a loud voice, that, when he spread these injurious reports, *he lied like a dog*. After which public confession, he is obliged, three several times, to imitate the barking of a dog. This kind of punishment is still practised in Poland. *Histoire Générale de Pologne*, by M. le Chevalier de Solignac, Tom. III.

to their passions ; but, when they are cool, that is to say, when they are uninterested, they instantly condemn what they have often been guilty of ; they revolt against every thing contemptible, they admire every thing generous, and they are moved at every thing affecting.

A bad father, or an ungrateful son, could not unaffectedly behold the aged mother of Angel-Sound blessing her children, and her great great-grand-children, or our good old Novorgève, at the head of his family. They would admire pictures so sublime, yet would feel no temptation to imitate like examples. Would they then obey a law which commanded them so to do ? Such is the multitude, such are men in general.—The most important conclusion that can be drawn from these reflections is that every voice is raised to declaim against wickedness, and to praise virtue. Wherefore, if we think reputation and general esteem desirable, to acquire them, we must be constantly good, worthy, and noble.

I have a question to ask, likewise, said Caroline, concerning a word, the signification of which I do not well understand. Pray what do you mean when you speak of prejudices (a) ?

A pre-

(a) The explanation of the word prejudice here given by Madame de Genlis, as the reader will easily perceive,
is

A prejudice is an opinion formed without due reflection, and which cannot be supported by any good reasons: thus, for example, Mademoiselle Victoire believes that a bit of the rope with which a man has been hanged, carried in her pocket, will make her win at cards. This is a prejudice, for it certainly is not the effect of reasoning, or the possibility of the fact, which could first make her give into such a belief. Ask her why she has this opinion, and she will tell you she had it of her aunt, her mother, or her grandmother, and that is all she knows.

All prejudices are not equally stupid with this; but I know many which I think so, and which yet are generally adopted. I have seen women fly frightened at the entrance of a person who nursed another sick of the small-pox or the measles; and I have seen these same women, with great tranquillity, shut themselves up with the Physician who attended those very Patients. Many other things, of a like kind, may be observed, equally rational with Mademoiselle Victoire's predilection for the Hangman's rope.

is not strictly conformable to the English usage of that word; but as it may be so understood in English, without any great impropriety, it was thought best to retain the Author's own term. T.

But

But there is another species of prejudice, which, far from being ridiculous, deserves to be respected, because it is produced by a lively and delicate sensibility. Let us continue to believe that twins are united in perfect friendship; that they reciprocally suffer the bodily evils of each other; that a mother would discover her child whom she had never seen amidst a thousand other children; these are the errors of kind hearts, the consequences of virtuous sentiments, and ought not to be despised.

All opinions, which cannot be maintained by reason, and which facts and experiments demonstrate to be false, are certainly prejudices; but yet we must be careful how we affirm that any thing, with the nature of which we are unacquainted, however strange it may appear to us, is chimerical and vain. The history of Alphonso has taught us that there exists an infinity of phænomena in Nature, the causes of which are unknown to man; for which reason we ought only to call those things prejudices, which are not only repugnant to reason, but which are capable of being proved false by facts.

I comprehend very well, mamma, at present, what is meant by prejudices; and, likewise, that all those which are not the effect of sensibility are ridiculous; such as the belief that Friday is an unfortunate day, that it is ill luck to spill salt, &c.

I hope

I hope you understand, too, that any thing which religion, law, or honour ordain, cannot be called a prejudice.

O certainly!—Is the respect that is paid to the dead and their tombs a prejudice?

No; because religion ordains us to honour them, and because the rites of burial are holy.

That is true. But should our respect for the dead extend as far as is commonly thought, when people say that it is a less crime to speak ill of the living than of the dead?

The question embarrasses me!—Let us consult a sure guide on this subject; Religion. Does it command us to respect the memory of those that are gone, more than of those that remain?

It certainly does not, said the Baronness; it commands us to love our neighbour as our self, and render him good for evil (*a*). Surely, therefore, it is more wicked to take away the reputation of the living than to attack the memory of the dead.

Beside that the dead hear not, feel not, while the living are driven to despair; for which reason, that opinion must be a prejudice, as has been shewn: for, if, for instance, a person should seek,

(*a*) Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.—Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord.—Rom. xii. 14, 19.

after

after the death of his enemy, to injure his memory by new and vague accusations, he would add meanness to malice, because that the dead cannot answer, cannot defend his reputation. Were he living, he might clear up conjecture, and prove the falsity of what remained in doubt; but he could not deny established facts: and this is the reason why an accusation, founded only on suspicion, is so unworthy an act.

I would have you, however, understand I not only disapprove but detest a senseless animosity against the dead, although they are insensible to wrongs. My intention was only to shew, there is much less cruelty in attacking the memory of the dead than of the living.

I will remember what you have told me, mamma, said Caroline.

Two days after this conversation, Madame de Clémire, being alone with Caroline, said to her, when I came into your bedchamber this morning, my dear, I saw one of the maids buckling your shoes. How could you suffer this? To debase a fellow-creature is to debase yourself. You never should require any thing of a servant except such assistance as is absolutely necessary to you; but avoid as much as possible whatever gives trouble, or can inspire repugnance. Never basely and cruelly take advantage of your situation, and refuse the respect due to all; but, if you wish to be respected
yourself,

yourself, accustom yourself betimes to revere in others the sacred rights of humanity.

I cannot dress myself entirely alone, therefore my maid assists to lace me, comb up my hair, and so forth ; but I can undress myself, and I have never, since I have been married, made my servant sit up for that purpose, but have gone to bed without her aid. I have lived in the fashionable world, have been at balls, have come home at four and five o'clock in the morning with all the paraphernalia of dress, loaded with flowers and pins, almost innumerable, of which it was no easy task to get rid ; but I a thousand times preferred the taking of this trouble, and going to bed somewhat later, to the alternative of receiving help from an unfortunate wretch half asleep, and out of temper ; who, while she undressed me, would secretly curse my pleasures and her own condition. At present I have little merit in undressing myself, because the ornaments of Champcery are simple, and soon thrown off.—

You never ring your bell in the night I observe, mamma.

Never ; unless I am ill. If I am gone to bed, and want any thing, I rise and get it myself, even in the depth of winter ; and this I am so accustomed to that I never get cold ; but have acquired an activity which I believe to be very healthy,

healthy, for nothing enfeebles the body like idleness and effeminacy. Such habits beget address, strength, and agility. I have by no means a robust appearance, and yet I every evening perform acts of real force ; I can carry a huge pitcher of water, and in winter continually put large logs upon the fire much heavier than myself.

I wish to imitate you, mamma ; and henceforth, if you will permit me, I will always undress myself.

No, you are too young at present ; your's is the age of feebleness and dependence ; but, even now, you may help yourself much oftener than you do ; and hereafter you will be very wise to acquire the habits I have described.

I promise you, mamma, no more to treat servants with a want of proper respect.

The attention we should pay them is, perhaps, greater than you imagine. You ought to be careful not to speak any thing directly or indirectly that could make them ashamed of their condition. Thus it would be inexpressibly cruel to make use of the proverb *He lies like a Lackey*, in presence of a footman : it becomes us carefully to avoid such rudeness, since, while it humiliates, it excites resentment and hatred. We ought, likewise, to be exceedingly circumspect in all our words and actions when they are present ; since
the

the impression they receive, from observing their superiors, has the greatest effect upon their manners: we should, therefore, be doubly guilty in giving them bad examples. In fine, Religion, Justice, Humanity, all equally require us to treat them with gentleness and indulgence; to endeavour to promote their interests, to protect them on all just occasions, and affectionately to assist them when they are ill, or have become old in our service.

Madame de Clémire was going to rise and take a walk, but was stopt by Caroline, who said she had something more to confide to her. She then confessed that, during the morning, she had been a little ill-tempered with Pulcheria.

You have, no doubt, repaired the wrong you did her, said Madame de Clémire?

Yes, mamma, replied Caroline; though I did myself some violence, I resolved to overcome my ill humour, and all the rest of the morning we were as good friends as ever.

And did not you make an apology? Did not you regret your having been unjust, though but for a moment?

As soon as she saw me good tempered she was so too, and did not seem to be vexed the least in the world.

But

But, because she did not bear malice, must you appear insensible of her generosity? If I had ill treated the lowest servant in the house, I would shew him I was sorry for it; and, by so doing, should think I did honour to myself; for nothing elevates us more than equity: the greatest defect a person can have is that of knowing, yet not acknowledging, themselves to be wrong. The imperfection of our nature is such that scarce a day can pass, in which we have not committed some error; for which reason the people most amiable, and most beloved, will always be those who, by confessing the wrongs they have done, shew their candour and goodness of heart. This sublime quality always appertains to the generous and the feeling; while little and confined minds, enslaved by false shame, as mean as it is foolish, would rather aggravate their faults than retract them, or say a word in expiation.

I will run and seek my sister, mamma, and make an apology to her for being out of temper, and for not having shewn I was sorry I had been so.

This procured Caroline a tender kiss, and she immediately left the room, running to find her sister.

Madam de Clémire had promised in the morning she would tell them a short story after supper, and in the evening she thus acquitted herself of her promise.

THE
SOLITARY FAMILY
OF
NORMANDY.

A FEW leagues from Forges (*a*), near the rich Abbey of Bobec, and in the province of Normandy, lived a good Farmer, whose name was Anselmo, with his wife and children. He was poor, but so happy that he had never left his home but to go to church. His little habitation stood by itself in the midst of a forest; he had no neighbours, and he wished for none; for he could not imagine, after he had been all day labouring in his field, it was possible to find a pleasure more sweet than that of reposing in the midst of his family.

(*a*) Forges is 26 leagues from Paris, and celebrated for its Mineral Waters.

Three acres of land, two cows, and a little poultry, were the whole of his riches; he had no other society than that of his wife and five children, a servant maid, and a herdsman, with whom it is necessary you should become better acquainted.

The maid's name was Jacqueline. She had been bred in the house of Anselmo, and had acquired the manner and sedentary habits of the family; she had never been above half a league from the house. Of all the edifices which cover the earth, she knew none but the Cottage of Anselmo, and the Abbey of Bobec; and never did St. Peter's at Rome, or the Colonnade of the Louvre, excite greater admiration, than the little church of Bobec gave Jacqueline.

She had heard speak of Forges, but hearing that it was four leagues off, she never could be tempted to undertake so long a journey. Jacqueline, as you may imagine, could not read; she had never seen a book in her life, except at church. Her talents were confined to the milking of cows, the making of cheese, and aiding her mistress in household duties. Her mind was not capable of any extensive knowledge; she had precisely that degree of intelligence necessary to tolerably fulfil the duties of her condition; and, if Heaven had not sent her rulers as patient as they

were humane, she would more than once have been liable to lose her place.

She committed no voluntary faults, however; it was want of memory and reflection only; for her intentions were so upright, and her heart so good, that Anselmo and his wife never could resolve to scold her.

The Herdsman, Michael, who kept the cows, was still less active and less intelligent than Jacqueline; but, in the eyes of the indulgent Anselmo, the weakness of his constitution excused his indolence and incapacity; besides, Michael was naturally gentle, peaceable, honest, and so patient, that it was not possible to make him angry.

There was so much conformity between Michael and Jacqueline that it would have been a miracle, being, as they were, always together, had they not formed an attachment to each other. Sympathy declared itself, and the two lovers asked permission to marry, which was easily granted. Michael wedded Jacqueline, and, in three years time, was the father of three children, who were all brought up with the children of Anselmo.

About this time, Jacqueline, patient as she was, underwent great trouble. The wife of Anselmo died. Neither did the good man survive her above two years; by which accident, Michael and Jacqueline lost the best of masters, and the sole support

port they had upon earth. The relations, who were left Guardians of the children, came to occupy the little heritage, and had the cruelty to turn away Michael and Jacqueline.

They were obliged to quit the cherished cottage which they regarded as their paternal mansion, and to tear themselves from the arms of the virtuous Anselmo's children, who, for the last two years, had called Jacqueline by the kind name of mother. The poor woman wept over them, and left them in despair, followed by four of her own children, and the mournful Michael, who carried under his arm a large bundle of coarse cloathing, which contained all the riches of this unfortunate family.

It was happy for them that, in this dreadful situation, they felt none of those distracting inquietudes which forethought and fancy give; their sorrows were only the sorrows of a moment; the future was to them hid by a veil so thick they even could not form an image of the morrow. They had dined well before they left their old habitation, and were not much disturbed about where they should sup; all their conversation was regret for the death of Anselmo, and tenderness for the children they had been obliged to abandon.

Conversing simply thus, they followed wherever chance pleased to lead, till they had lost them-

selves in the forest. Jacquelina was six months gone with child, and, being fatigued, rested herself at the foot of a tree. Her husband sat himself down by her side, and the four children ranged themselves around.

It was in the month of July, and, as day began to decline, one of the children said he was hungry, and all the rest immediately asked for bread. Michael had some provisions in his wallet, which he partook with his wife and children. After supper, they determined to pass the night in the wood; and at break of day they found a beaten path, which brought them into a kind of wilderness, on the outside of the forest. This wild place was full of broom, and they found a stream of pure water, which ran from a rock covered with moss, the sight of which gave Jacquelina great joy. Still to increase their happiness, along the skirts of the forest, they found plenty of nuts, mulberries, and wild raspberries, with an infinity of strawberries.

Jacquelina was quite enchanted at this garden of Nature. Oh Michael! cried she, let us always live here; for look you, there is water, and here are fruits, and they will be sufficient for us; let us make a Hut of the branches of trees, to keep out the rain.—It just then occurred to the mind of Jacquelina that they must first have leave to lop the
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the trees, and the reflection made her sorrowful. At this moment she perceived a young Peasant, at some distance, gathering strawberries: to him she went, and asked if he knew to whom the place where they were belonged?—

Yes, to the Abbey of Bobec, replied the Peasant.

Are we far from the Abbey?

Three quarters of a league; I am going there presently, with the strawberries I have gathered.

Jacquelina then went and advised with her husband; and Michael, having received her instructions, departed with the young Peasant to the Abbey of Bobec, leaving Jacquelina with his children at the entrance of the forest, and promised to return as soon as possible.

Arrived at the Abbey, Michael obtained a moment's audience of the Abbot, to whom he related his situation; he ended by asking work, or at least permission to establish himself in the place where he had left his family.

What can you do, said the Abbot?

Keep cows.

We have no need of Herdsmen; besides, you do not belong to our district.

But I have no means of a livelihood, and that is all the same.

Alas! we cannot relieve all the poor.

I am not poor; I ask no alms; our hearts are willing, and we can work.

You can do nothing; besides I tell you that the inhabitants of our own district must have the preference.

But I am very weak and sickly, I assure you, and so you ought to take me into your service.

What because you are incapable of working?

Yes to be sure; it was for that reason that my dead master Anselmo took me into his service, and would never turn me away; but, if you do not like sickly people, at least, Mr. Abbot, give us leave to build a little hut with boughs, upon the heath.

How will you live there?

With wild fruits and roots; there are water-creffes, strawberries, nuts, water.—Truly it is a paradise.

What will you do in winter?

Winter!—We never thought of winter; but winter will not be here so soon, this is only July.

Hark you, good man, since you are so very desirous of it, I permit you to build your Hut; and, moreover, I authorise you to come every other day to the Abbey, for a supply of bread and potatoes for you and your family.

I have a wallet.

Go,

Go, that is all I can do for you.

Oh! that is more than I asked——Jacquelina will be so happy!

Michael hastily departed, and was already at some little distance, when they called him back; by the order of the Abbot, to give him brown bread, and potatoes roasted in the ashes. Michael, who was truly honest, refused at first to receive them.——The Abbot told me, said he, I was only to come every other day, so I will come for them the day after to-morrow.

In spite of his resistance, however, they filled his pockets and hands with the provisions destined for two days, and he departed, highly satisfied with the success of his journey. He found Jacquelina, came up to her with a triumphant air, and answered all her questions. Jacquelina, though quite happy at the recital, scolded him a little, notwithstanding, for not having bought an axe, in the village of Bobec, to cut down the branches; for, said she, here we have seven shillings and eleven-pence, (it was the fruit of ten years savings) and what are we to do with all that money?

That is true, replied Michael, but one cannot think of every thing; we had forgot, you know, that winter would come.

34 THE TALES OF THE CASTLE.

Oh! now you mention winter, you must keep the money to buy sheeps skins, that we may lie comfortably.

Ay, so I will; we will have every thing comfortable I warrant, since we are to live here.

Come, let us go to work, we can cut the small branches with our knives.

Jacquelina went towards the wood, her husband followed, and they worked till night. The husband and the wife were neither of them robust or active, for which reason they were a fortnight in constructing their Hut; which was tolerably solid it is true, but which had one inconvenience unperceived by them, till their work was almost finished. They had forgotten, for, as Michael said, they could not think of every thing, that they were to live in the Hut, and that consequently it was necessary it should be as high as themselves. It is easier to work within your reach than to clamber and raise your arms above your head, and they did what would give them the least trouble.

Jacquelina and Michael could lean upon their Hut, as you would lean upon a balcony. Jacquelina was the first who remarked this defect of construction, and, tho' the building was far advanced, had so much fortitude as to be tempted to begin the work again, had not Michael persuaded her to
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the contrary; for, said he, people do not want a house, except to rest in, and we can either sit or lie down in ours.

Jacqueline had nothing to answer to this reasoning, and, notwithstanding its erroneous dimensions, the Hut was finished.

The day on which they dined in it, for the first time, was a holiday; Michael had been, in the morning, to the Abbey, whence he had brought potatoes and fresh bread, and likewise a pint of milk and some eggs, which he had purchased in the village. The joy of the children was excessive at the sight of this delicious feast, and their gaiety excited that of Michael and Jacqueline, so that nothing was wanting to the happiness of the banquet, for the guests had good appetites and good humour; and when night came, sound sleep and tranquillity came also. After having passed above eight and twenty nights exposed to the injuries of the open air, they found an inexpressible satisfaction in lying down beneath a thick foliage, and on fresh straw; in the morning they awaked in the most perfect health.

There is nothing so comfortable, said Michael, as to have every thing at one's ease. They may say, if they please, that use makes all things easy; yet I should never have slept so well upon the ground, and with the skies for a covering.

Nor I neither, replied Jacquelina; I always thought of the warm stable, where we lay when our good dear master was alive.

Our Hut though is quite as good as the stable, Jacquelina.

Oh certainly; and, now we have a house, we ought always to be happy at home, as our good master used to say.

Michael the evening before had bought a platter, five wooden spoons, several warm sheepskins, and some flax for Jacquelina, who had a distaff, and could spin tolerably; and thus it was that he had expended his seven shillings and elevenpence. Michael, on his part, found means of employing himself; he caught birds with birdlime, which he carried to the Abbey; and in a month's time he went to sell his wife's work, which did not come to much: for, as I have said, Jacquelina was neither active nor industrious.

The summer glided away, and in the month of September Jacquelina was happily delivered of a little daughter. Winter at last arrived, and, notwithstanding their sheepskins, their Hut did not seem half so agreeable; nor could they find either raspberries, bilberries, or other wild fruits.

Michael and Jacquelina, however, suffered much less from the cold than might be supposed; they had never in their lives slept in a close chamber,

ber, in which there was a chimney; the stable, which they remembered with so much affection, was open in the roof in several places, and had various fractures in its sides, large enough to put the hand through; so that Jacquelina and her husband found no great difference, even during the rigours of winter, between the Hut and the stable they regretted; and, in summer, their Hut, being situated on a healthy soil, and sheltered by a forest, in which grew multitudes of herbs, flowers, and fruits, was much more agreeable than a gloomy damp stable, built in a yard, surrounded by dung, and in which was a great pond of green stagnant water.

Towards the end of winter Michael, who for the last two months could hardly walk as far as the Abbey, at last found it impossible to go thither and receive their subsistence. Jacquelina therefore went in his stead, and poor Michael was obliged to stay in his Hut, gloomily extended on dry leaves. He did not suffer any great pain; and his natural piety and tranquility preserved him from lassitude and impatience: he prayed to God all the day, and Jacquelina spun and told her beads by his side: his children continually came to caress him, so that he could not absolutely be called miserable; and a year past away in this manner.

Michael

Michael and Jacquelina had lived two years in their Hut, when one day (it was the month of July) Jacquelina, who had been gathering fruits round the forest, came running, quite out of breath. Oh Michael, cried she, you cannot think what a fine thing I have just seen!

Ay, what?

Oh dear! a coach without a top; it is made for all the world like a cart; but then it is all yellow, and shines so——besides it is drawn by six horses all over silver——and there are such fine ladies in the coach, and such fine gentlemen behind, with coats as red as our Billy's cheeks——And——

Jacquelina heard the noise of the landau which she had been describing; her heart beat with joy, she ran from her Hut, and all her little ones followed her. The landau was not thirty paces from her; in it, superior to all the rest, was one angelic lady, who, looking at her and her children with gentle smiles, ordered the coachman to stop.

Jacquelina, surprized and astonish'd, durst not advance, whilst the young and beauteous stranger, followed by four ladies, who alighted with her from the carriage, approached.——Are these five children all your's? said she.

Yes, my lady.

Poor

Poor little creatures! Why they are almost naked.

Oh! the three youngest have jackets, but we keep them against winter.

And do you live all day in this Hut?

Yes, my lady, and all night too,

What, have you no other dwelling?

No, my lady; we have not had for these two years past. We live very well in the summer; but to be sure it is a little cold in the winter: especially since my husband has been ill.

Your husband ill! and lying in that Hut!

Yes, my lady.

Merciful Providence! — How happy am I we have lost our way, and that Chance has conducted us hither.

The angelic stranger went towards the Hut, and with her attendants endeavoured to enter; but their high heeled shoes, and their hats and feathers, obliged them to stoop so much, that the stranger, unable to support the pain of such an attitude, kneeled down in the Hut. — Good God! said she, turning her tearful eyes on Michael, and have you had no other asylum than this for two years? — Could you find no relief at Forges?

Forges is so far off, my lady!

It is but three leagues.

My

My husband has been sickly this year and a half, and I could not leave him to undertake so long a journey; besides we have wanted for nothing, they have always given us bread and potatoes at the Abbey.

The stranger took out her purse: take these, said she to Jacquelina. I will send for you this evening; but, since you love this place so much, I promise you shall return again. I only desire you to pass some time at Forges, for your husband wants the assistance of a Physician.

While the stranger was speaking, Jacquelina was considering the pieces of gold the stranger had given her.—Since you are so very good, my lady, said she, I must make bold to tell you that these pieces you have given me will do us no good; they do not know what they are in this country.

What, have you never seen gold?

Oh yes, my lady, to be sure I have seen the gilding in the church at Bobec; but as for golden money I never heard speak of any such thing, and I am sure nobody will take it.

The stranger, struck by an excess of poverty of which she had never before had an idea, could not retain her tears; she prevailed, however, on Jacquelina to keep the gold she had received; but for her better satisfaction she gave her some crown pieces, which were received with gratitude and

joy. After which, she and her attendants left the Hut, remounted their carriage, and returned to Forges, leaving Michael and Jacqueline astonished and transported.

They talked of nothing but the beautiful lady; and their conversation was still on the same subject when the Messengers arrived to take them to Forges. Four men carefully placed Michael on a kind of bier, on which he was carried lying on a mattress. Jacqueline and her children were seated in a covered cart; and our little troop arrived at Forges about nine o'clock in the evening.

They were conducted to a house, where they found clean linen and good beds. As soon as Michael was put to bed, Jacqueline ran to interrogate her hostess, and in less than half an hour returned.—Oh Michael, said she, thou wilt be so surprized!—That beautiful lady—Dost thou know what a Princess is?

No, truly.

Well, that fine lady is a Princess!—And moreover she is called a Duchess—and besides all which, she has another name still—But that I have forgot; however, what is most of all, she is—Ay, she is a relation to the King!

How can that be? She has no pride!

No more she has, as thou sayest.

How

How can a relation of the King's have such mildness in her looks, and such gentleness in her words?

Thou wilt never guess what she is come to Forge for!—It is to drink of a certain water here that makes women have children; for my share, I have no opinion about any such water; but I will say my prayers once a day the oftener for her, that God may give this dear good lady as many children as her heart could wish, that so she may be happy.

Their conversation was interrupted by the Hostess, who brought them an excellent supper. Michael and his wife had before time drank bad cyder, but never any sort of wine, and, for the first time in their lives, they tasted it to the health of their benefactress. After which Jacquelina went to bed, thanking God, and pouring forth a thousand blessings on her young and virtuous Protectress.

On the morrow Jacquelina was awakened by a woman, who came to tell her, the Princess had ordered her to take measure of her and her children, and make shifts and clothes for all the family. Accordingly, some days after, Jacquelina received all kinds of necessaries; shoes, stockings, caps, nothing was forgotten.

Jacquelina's joy was so much the greater for that her husband's health was presently re-established.

blished. The assiduous cares of the Physician, a healthy lodging, and good food, soon produced a surprising alteration, and in three weeks time he was able to rise and walk about his chamber.

At this epocha, Jacqueline had an interview with her benefactress, who presented her with a bunch of keys. There, said she, are the keys of your house, your closets, and your cupboards; return home my good Jacqueline, and to-morrow morning I will come and breakfast with you. Jacqueline, astonished at what she heard, stammered a few words, and received the keys with a stupid air, thinking it impossible that she could have a house with cupboards and closets, or that a relation of the King's could come to breakfast with her.

The same day Michael, his wife, and children, were reconducted to the wilderness, where they had been originally found; but what was their amazement when they saw, instead of their former rude Hut, a well-built little house, situated in the midst of a large garden. The children ran and danced with joy, and Michael and Jacqueline kissed and wept over them.—Oh! my God, said Jacqueline, clasping her hands, what have we done to deserve all this happiness?

They entered their habitation, and found it composed of two good rooms, with a pile of
wood

wood at the end, and a little kitchen, well furnished with household utensils; there was a chimney in the bedchamber, and for furniture they had two good beds with strong curtains, two wooden tables, four rush-bottomed chairs, two armed chairs, and a large press.

Jacqueline took her bunch of keys, opened her press, and there found two complete suits of clothes for her husband, and the same for herself and children; there were shifts, stockings, bonnets, and, moreover, sheets and towels, and a large quantity of flax to spin.

As soon as she had taken an inventory of her press, Jacqueline was brought into her garden, already well supplied with vegetables, and afterwards shewn a hen-roost, where were a score of fowls. At last her Conductor opened the door of an outhouse, in which were two milch cows, and informed her she was the owner of a small meadow, about a quarter of a mile from the house. Jacqueline thought herself in a dream. What, said she to her husband, are we richer than our dear good master Anselmo was? Why his cottage was but a stable, when compared to this——Our garden too is twice as large——Oh Michael! we must never forget our Hut; especially in the winter, when with our children we shall sit round our
fire;

fire ; for we ought always to thank God as sincerely as we do at present.

While she spoke thus, tears of joy dropt from the eyes of Jacquelina ; Michael also wept, and both kissed their children, who received their caresses with a pleasure they had never felt before, though they had been always tenderly beloved.

Jacquelina could not close her eyes all night ; she had a lamp upon the chimney-piece, and she passed the hours in contemplating, with admiration, her chamber and her goods, and praying God to bless her illustrious Benefactress. At break of day she rose, and so did Michael, and the happy couple again went to visit their kitchen, their garden, their hen-roost, and their cow-house. They afterwards dressed their children, put on their best clothes, and prepared breakfast ; the table was spread with a napkin quite new, and furnished with two large pans of cream, brown bread, fresh butter, and a basket of nuts just gathered, after which they waited for their dear good lady, with equal anxiety and impatience.

At eleven o'clock their eldest son, who stood sentinel at the wood-side, quitted his post, and came running to announce the first sight of the landau. Michael and Jacquelina, with beating hearts, each took the child by the hand ; and Michael, who was yet far from being strong, was
sorry

sorry that he could not run faster. The children soon outstript them, and ran tumultuously towards the carriage, while their father and mother in vain called to them to keep back.

Scarcely had Jacquelina and Michael got out of their yard-gate before the young Princess had alighted. They threw themselves at her feet, bathed in tears; and Jacquelina, pointing to her husband, with a faltering voice, said, look, my dearest lady, look, he is quite well——He can run. Here too are our children, they will not complain of cold; and here is our house, where we shall be as happy in winter as in the summer.——This is all your doing, and a righteous God only can reward you. As for us, alas! we do not know how to thank you.

A deluge of tears interrupted her speech, while the charming and virtuous Princess wept in company, raised Jacquelina, took hold of her arm, and entered the house. You may well suppose the breakfast was thought excellent; that they walked afterwards in the garden, and that Michael and Jacquelina pointed out all their acquisitions and all their wealth.

The Princess departed at one o'clock, and soon arrived at Forges; where she learnt, with pleasure and emotion, that there is no condition, no class, in which the same generous and sublime sentiments may not be found, as those by which she

was so nobly distinguished. The Masons, who had built the house in the wilderness, affected by an action which thus made a whole family happy, were desirous, as much as in them lay, of participating; they worked day and night at the building, and, as soon as it was finished, unanimously refused to accept the money offered in payment. It was impossible to make them receive the least recompense; and there was no other way of rewarding but by immediately employing them, about other work, for which they were paid double the sum they asked.

Madame de Clémire ceasing to speak, M. de la Palinière exclaimed, this is a charming story. It is not difficult to divine the name of the august benefactress of Michael and Jacqueline (*a*); and, indeed, she has done so many things of the like kind that this has not given me the least surprize; but the generosity of the Masons astonishes me. It would be very extraordinary to find one man, in such a class of people, with such a greatness of soul; but that they should all agree to work day and night for the sole pleasure of participating in a good action; that they should obstinately refuse the wages due to their labour, and that with one con-

(a) *The Duchefs de Chartres is undoubtedly meant. Madame, the Countefs de Genlis, has apartments in the Palais Royal.* T.

sent they thus should sacrifice their time and trouble, themselves being all poor, and blush to accept money so hardly earned ; there is, I say, in this proceeding, something so noble, so delicate, such an enthusiasm of virtue, as, I own, appears to me to have very little probability among people in so rude a state ; and, I confess, I am persuaded you have been imposed upon respecting this Anecdote.

But what would you say if I myself had been a witness of the fact ?

Is it possible ! You delight me ! For there is nothing I more ardently wish than to find it true.

We dare not invent incidents like this, because we have but an imperfect idea of the capabilities of nature. We would not acknowledge her in pictures of the imagination, were she painted in all her sublimity ; for, by a capricious inconsistency, the heroism which we admire in history, seems, in a work of invention, nothing but an extravagant fiction, devoid of all appearance of truth. Let me, however, observe that what Critics call the imaginary sublime has no real existence : for there is nothing the fancy can create, however generous, however noble, of which man is not capable, when he gives way to the first emotions of the mind, or is stimulated by great examples. Nay, the idea of constant perfection, such as we can conceive, do we not find it fulfilled, when

when we examine the lives of those who scrupulously practise all the duties and devotions of religion?

The Baronness made her Repeater strike, as Madam de Clémire ended. It is not yet ten o'clock, mamma, said Cæsar, your story has been too short; and then it ended so suddenly we had not time to ask a single question.

True, said Pulcheria; I, for my part, long to know whether the prayers of Jacqueline succeeded.

They did, answered Madam de Clémire; her Benefactress became a Mother the year following; I will tell you an Anecdote of a child she had.

This charming little girl is now six years and a half old; she lives in the country every summer; and last year, as she was walking in the forest of Montmorenci, she met a pretty little country girl hand in hand with her mother; the mother offered her basket of strawberries to the young Princess, who, coming nearer to the little girl, perceived she was blind, at which she was much surprized; for, at a distance, the child seemed to have very fine eyes. The woman was questioned, and replied that the child was not blind at her birth, but that she had not the means to take her to Paris and consult the Surgeons.

Why, said the Princess, can the Surgeons restore her to sight?

So I am told.

Well, then, I will take her to Paris myself, when I return thither; I will make room for her in the coach by my side.

The poor mother was much affected by this promise, and the attendants of the young Princess told her to come the next morning to her country-seat. Accordingly, what the Princess had promised was performed; and, as soon as they arrived at Paris, the little girl was immediately sent to the house of an Oculist, who kept her all the summer, and part of the winter. The next spring, when the young Princess returned into the country, they surprized her very agreeably, by bringing her the little Peasant perfectly recovered. What! cried she, are you no longer blind?

No, mademoiselle.

And are not you very glad?

To be sure; I can work now.

And read too?

No, mademoiselle, I cannot read.

No! How does that happen? You are older than I am, and I can.

I have been two years blind.

That is true: but now you can see, and you may soon learn.

My mother cannot pay for my schooling.

Poor

Poor thing! — Are you willing to learn from me? If it will give you any pleasure, I will teach you a lesson every day.

The little girl, at hearing this, thought the Princess was laughing at her, and began to laugh herself; but the Princess insisted she was in earnest, while one of her attendants apparently combated her resolution. — Recollect, mademoiselle, said she, that a teacher must have patience not to be moved.

I shall have that.

It will be so long before she has learned!

I shall not be tired; but I could read when I had only had fifteen lessons.

You could so; and many children, by the same method, might be taught to read in as short a space of time (1): however, if Nanette should be slow at learning, or should want application, three months will not be sufficient to teach her.

Shall we be here three months?

Yes, mademoiselle.

Oh, then, Nanette will have time enough.

So saying, this amiable child ran to seek her book, and her box of counters; then made Nanette sit down before her, and with the utmost gentleness and intelligence gave her a long lesson; after which the girl was suffered to depart, but desired to come again the next day at the same hour.

Though Nanette, as had been predicted, was not very industrious, her mistress was not discouraged, but with a degree of patience and perseverance, very extraordinary at her age, accomplished what she had begun. It was a delightful sight to see her giving her lesson, pointing with her little fingers to the figures on the counters, and the words, reading aloud, prompting in a whisper, promising her scholar rewards, proud of her improvement, and, whenever she read well, looking round to collect the suffrages of the astonished spectators. This was one of those pleasing yet affecting pictures which produce the most charming sensations in the heart, and of which it is impossible to tire.

Nanette, in fact, before the end of Autumn, had learnt to read almost as well as her young mistress, who gave her sweetmeats, clothes, and books; and, when she parted with her, said, Good bye Nanette, next summer I will teach you something else.

Oh the charming little Princess! cried Pulcheria; she will be worthy of her mother. This reflection terminated the evening's conversation.

Before they went to bed, the children asked, and obtained leave, to go to the vintage of Farmer Benoit; accordingly, they rose, next morning, sooner than ordinary, to see if the Basket-maker
had

had sent home all the materials they had ordered, above a fortnight ago. At eight o'clock, four pretty back baskets were brought, suitable to the height of Cæsar, his two sisters, and Augustine; four panniers with handles, and four pair of large scissars, to cut the grape-stalks.

An hour after dinner, they set off on foot to the Vineyard of farmer Benoit, which was about half a league from the Castle; here it was agreed, this little company should work two full hours for the farmer; after which they should take their repast, with the Grape-gatherers, and then fill their back baskets and their panniers, on their own account, and send them to the Castle by the cart; which agreements were faithfully observed, with great pleasure, by both parties; and the farmer gave this glorious testimony that his own children had not been more industrious than those of the Castle. Never was day spent more agreeably, or seemed more amusing; they did not leave the Vineyard till the approach of night.

When they came to Champcery, Cæsar having a little out-stript the rest, entered the court-yard first: here he found the seryants assembled round a horseman who had but just arrived; he heard them all speaking at once, and continually repeating the name of his father. He quickened his pace, ran, and they made way for him, each

eager to tell him that the Marquis de Clémire was not above half a league off. Cæsar, quite transported, ran to the Courier; he alighted, Cæsar looked, and recollecting the Valet de Chambre of his father, immediately jumped up, embraced, and wept over him.

Madam de Clémire and his sisters were soon there; they kissed each other a thousand times, all weeping with joy. The Courier was questioned, the coach was called, the horses were put to in an instant, away they went; in less than a quarter of an hour the Postillions stopt, the coach-doors flew open, and the dear father of the family, after a year's absence, found himself in the arms of his wife and children.

All the while they were in the coach together, they could only express their transports by tears and tender embraces. The night was dark, they had no flambeaux, yet they were desirous of seeing each other. No sooner did they enter the hall of Champcery than their transports and tenderness were redoubled. The Marquis never could be tired with looking at Cæsar and his dear little girls. What father, after so long an absence, does not find his children improved? The Marquis admired how much and how finely his were grown.

On the other hand it was remarked, with inexpressible satisfaction, that the fatigues of war had produced no change in the appearance of the Marquis, but that he evidently enjoyed a perfect state of health.

They sat up till midnight, and in the morning the children rose with the day; for the joy of the over-night, and their anxiety again to see their father, had prevented them from sleeping. The Marquis informed the family, at breakfast, that his affairs called him to Paris, and that they must quit Champcery in two days. This news afflicted the children; but the Marquis gave them consolation, by assuring them, he was determined every year to remain six months at Champcery.

Cæsar and his sisters could not leave Burgundy with dry eyes; and the grief of Augustin was very great at leaving his father, his mother, and his little Charley. They sat off mournfully, but they became merrier on the road, and found all their usual gaiety and good-humour return by the time they came to Paris. After a few days of repose, Madam de Clémire took her children to see the Exhibition, at the Louvre, of the Paintings which are there shewn, once in two years, by the Artists belonging to the Academy. The children could draw remarkably well for their age, had already acquired a love of the Arts, and the Sa-

loon of the Louvre gave them great pleasure ; so that they spoke only of Pictures and Paintings the rest of the day.

That lady, mamma, said Caroline, who has done those paintings which every body so much admires, is surely not young ; for it is impossible in youth to have such superior talents.

How can you think so, my dear ? Have not you seen her Portrait painted by herself ?

Yes ; but I thought that was a former work — And can she be so young and so handsome as that charming Picture represents her to be ?

Had her's been common abilities, her youth, her sex, her beauty, and excellent reputation, would certainly not have permitted others to judge of her works with so much severity.

I think she ought to inspire admiration indeed, since to all these advantages she adds that very uncommon one of superior genius.

The Public are just, and cannot be prevented from praising whatever pleases, and whatever strikes ; therefore you have seen this lady's Pictures fix the attention of all who entered the Saloon.

It is very glorious for a woman to gain an honourable place among the greatest Masters.

Yes : but it is very dangerous.

Men cannot be jealous of a woman.

They

They sometimes disdain not to do us that honour ; and when they have once begun, their animosity knows no bounds. They imagine that they alone have a right to struggle for fame ; they are willing enough to flatter us, and even to be led by us, but they disdain to wonder at us. To return to Madame le Brun ; as I said just now, had not her abilities been above mediocrity, she would have received nothing but adoration, have heard nothing but flattery ; but she undertook to paint History, and has not been surpassed by any one Academician. This to be sure is very strange !
 —Very revolting ! —Very—— !

The Abbé informed me, mamma, that the Journalists have given an account of the Exhibition. They have, no doubt, praised exceedingly those of Madame le Brun.

Oh no ; they had too much prudence, too much circumspection, to praise a woman who really had merit. Generous and compassionate as they are, their praises have been lavished upon the envious, whom they have consoled as much as in them lies. The public admire none but superior faculties, or useful labours ; as for them, they protect the Weak, and praise the Poor in ability : and as mediocrity is the fate of the multitude, they, by this conduct, gain a multitude of friends, and have a just claim to the gratitude of

the envious and the detractors of Genius; an extensive and a dangerous class, whose hatred is as active as it is envenomed.

And so, mamma, the Journalists have not done justice to Madame le Brun?

One Journal only has judged her works with equity; all the others have spoken in a manner that has surprized every body, who is unacquainted with the invariable principles and profound politics of these writers. The enemies of Madame le Brun cannot deny that her success has been great; they only can affirm it is unmerited.

But what are their proofs?

They alledge that Madame le Brun's manner is little.

How so, mamma? Her subjects are taken from the Iliad; her figures large as life.

Or else allegories of the most sublime and ingenious nature, such is what they call a littleness of manner: they add, that hitherto she has painted only women.

Would they then persuade us that superior talents are not necessary to paint a beautiful woman?

Exactly so; but they have forgotten that Albanus painted none but Venus, the Loves and Graces (a); they

(a) Albanus was born at Bologna. His second wife was a very beautiful woman, and became the model of all the Divinities.

they have forgotten all the beautiful Virgins of Raphael, of Guido, of Carlo Maratti, &c. and thus it is that Envy reasons.

I observe, mamma, said Pulcheria, with great pleasure, that there are many women at present worthy to rank with great Painters; four in France are admitted of the Academy, without mentioning several others, who have much greater abilities than certain Academicians.

In fact, we have seen some very good-for-nothing Paintings in the Saloon; among others, those you would not stop to look at; I saw them as I passed, and they seemed to me very indifferent: indeed, without any claim to a place in an Exhibition like this, they ought to have been equally proscribed by good taste and morality.

But let us return to those females who have distinguished themselves so much in this brilliant career. Among Foreigners, there is one very much celebrated, who has likewise applied herself

Divinities in his Paintings. He had twelve children so beautiful that they not only served him to paint the charming Groups of Little Loves from, with which he enriched his fine compositions, but were also the originals, after which Le Pouffin, Francis Flamand, and Algardi, (the latter was a Sculptor) studied the Graces of Infancy. Albanus died in 1660, aged 83. *Extraits des différens ouvrages publiés sur la Vie des Peintres.* By M. M. P. D. L. F. Tom. I.

to the sublime. You have admired a multitude of Engravings done after her Pictures—I mean Angelica Kauffman.—I know not how the Journalists have treated her in the country where she lives, but her superior talents have been acknowledged by all Europe.

Since, mamma, you take so much pleasure in collecting whatever is to the glory of women, perhaps, you know the names of all those who have acquired reputation in this art?

I can nearly remember them all.

Oh dear mamma, do tell us; we have heard already of Johanna Gazzoni (*a*); Elizabeth Cibrani; Maria, the daughter of Tintoret (*b*); and of Rosalba (*c*).

(*a*) In Italy, and particularly at Rome, there are many of her Paintings in great estimation.

(*b*) She died in 1590. There is a fine Painting by her in the Palais-Royal, of a Man, sitting, clothed in black, with his hand on an open book, lying on a table, where is a crucifix, an ink-stand, a clock, and papers.

(*c*) Rosalba Carriera was the Scholar of the Chevalier Diamantino, and surpassed her Master. She acquired such great reputation that all the Academies of Europe were eager to admit her. She was received a Member of the Academy at Paris in 1720; her Admission Picture was a Muse in Crayons. She was passionately fond of Music; played in a superior style on the Harpsichord, and travelled into France and Germany. Her merit procured her riches, and she died at Venice, in 1757, aged 85.

I will

I will give you a list of the names of women most celebrated for their Paintings (2). It would require a large volume to speak of them all; and it is the effect of prejudice that the number is not equal to that of the men who have been eminent Painters, which judges us incapable of works where genius is required. When men condescend, which is very seldom, to employ themselves a little on our education, they wish only to give us vague notions, consequently often false, superficial knowledge, and frivolous talents.

If a Painter intends to instruct his daughter in his art, he never conceives the project of making her a Painter of History, but will continually repeat she should pretend only to paint Portraits, Miniatures, or Flower-Pieces. Thus is she discouraged, and thus is the fire of fancy stifled: she paints Roses; she was born, perhaps, to paint Heroes.

Thus, likewise, a man of letters, whose daughter gives proofs of wit, and a love of Poetry, may be induced to cultivate these happy dispositions; but what will his first care be? Why to rob his Scholar of that confidence which inspires fortitude, and that ambition which surmounts difficulties. He prescribes bounds to her attempts, and commands her not to go beyond them. Like as the
proud

proud Roman (a), who, taking advantage of his power and the public opinion, imposed extravagant laws in support of prejudices; so the Teacher traces a narrow circle round his young Pupil, over which she is forbidden to step. Has she the genius of Corneille, or Racine, she is constantly told to write nothing but Novels, Pastorals, or Sonnets.

A celebrated Musician brought me to hear his Niece, about two years since, who played excellently on the Piano Forte. I admired particularly the manner in which she modulated, and learned, with extream surprize, she scarcely knew the rules of Thorough Bass. I asked why, with such propensities, he had not taught her composition?—Oh, I would not suffer her so to lose her time, said the Uncle; *What service can Composition be of to a woman?*

All men reason, respecting us, like this impertinent Uncle; they are willing to allow we play on instruments, we dance, and even we talk as well as they, because these are facts that cannot be denied. There exists another talent, however, equally common to women as to men; and this enchanting and sublime art necessarily demands lively and fine feelings, energy, enthusiasm, and

(a) Pompilius. See Annales de la Vertu, Tom. II. Page 23.

all the great emotions of the mind, which, according to them, belong only to the men.

Ay, mamma, what is that?

The art of an Actress.

Oh true, mamma, there have been a great number of celebrated Actresses.

Had all the other arts, as well as this, been less the fruits of education and study than the happy gifts of nature, there is no doubt but there would have existed a perfect equality between men and women.

Some days after this conversation, the children went to see the Luxembourg Gallery; and, being questioned on their return, by Madame de Clémire, they owned they had not remarked the Deluge, by Poussin (a). At your age, said their mamma, the

(a) Nicholas Poussin was born of a noble family, in 1594, at Andeli, a small town of the Normand Vexin, and became one of the greatest Painters in the French School. He went to study at Rome, but the Cardinal de Richlieu invited him to Paris, where Louis XIII. gave him a pension, and the title of his First Painter; but the envy of inferior Artists obliged him to quit his native country, and return to Rome; though not till he had painted for the King's Cabinet a Ceiling, on which Time was represented, delivering Truth from the oppression of Envy. He died at Rome in 1665. We know no Scholar of his, except Guaspré, his Brother-in-Law, who took the name of Poussin.

pleasing,

pleasing, the dazzling, or the affecting only are remarked; subjects that inspire horror, pity, &c. catch the eye; while the delicate and profound escape notice: but I, by conversing with you, may inform you of what you at present could have but a very imperfect idea; by which means I shall insensibly strengthen your judgments and form your taste.

I remember to have seen the Painting you mention, mamma, but I own I found nothing in it very beautiful.

You have seen it rain often enough.

Certainly, mamma.

And have you ever, at such times, observed the colour of the clouds attentively; how the dusky atmosphere obscures all objects, destroys their brightness, shades their tints, makes them, if distant, disappear, or to be seen with difficulty?

I cannot say I have remarked all this.

Had you paid a proper attention to the effects of rain, you would have been amazed at the exactitude with which they have been painted by Poussin; but the greatest merit of this sublime Picture is in the composition. Forget that you have seen it, and tell me, if you were going to paint the Universal Deluge, what idea do you suppose would first offer itself to your imagination?

That

That of representing a multitude of men, ready to be buried beneath the waters.

It is true that this idea naturally presents itself; but, in the execution, it would only have produced a vague and uninteresting scene; it would have been beheld with as little emotion as battle pieces. Pouffin knew this; he felt, besides, that, in painting this terrible catastrophe, it was necessary to chuse the most striking point of time, which, no doubt, was at the moment when it was at the height.

He has, therefore, imagined five principal figures (*a*); but how interesting are these five people! They are not in the Ark, they are proscribed, must submit to the fate of human kind, and perish! Here you behold a mother, anxious but for her child; and, perishing herself, thinks only how it may be saved! Here a husband, stretching out his arm to his wife; and there a man ready to voluntarily plunge himself from a boat into the deep——Doubtless to re-unite himself to whom he loves!

On one side of this pathetic Picture, an object still more striking, more terrible, is seen; on the ridge of a rock, a Serpent appears; his attitude menacing, he raises haughtily his proud head; you imagine you hear his horrible hissing, and,

(*a*) Eleven in all, counting those whose heads are just seen above the water.

shuddering,

shuddering, recollect the tempting Spirit that made the first man sin, and that now applauds himself for being the Author of this new destruction.——

Hope, however, in some degree, softens this scene of horrors, the eye is relieved by the happy Ark, which is seen afar off.

I now, mamma, comprehend the great merits of this Painting; I will hereafter examine the effects of rain with more attention, and shall be glad to return to the Luxembourg again, to behold the Deluge of Pouffin.

We have seen another painting, the beauties of which we felt, *the birth of Louis XIII. (a)*. We were made to observe the double expression visible in the countenance of Mary de Medicis, and we could not help admiring it.

Composition and expression are the two essentials of painting, because they speak to the heart and understanding. A Painter not possessed of these, however great his knowledge of the other branches

(a) By Rubens. This illustrious Artist was born at Cologne, and acquired a great fortune. To the genius of a sublime Painter, he added scientific knowledge; he knew seven languages, and wrote various works in Latin, some on the Rules of his Art, others on the costume of the Ancients: he was employed in several negotiations, and died crowned with honour and wealth, at Antwerp, in 1640, aged 63. He had several scholars, and among others the celebrated Vandyke.

of

of his art, can never be thought a man of genius. To return to the picture of which you speak; that head of Mary de Medicis is really admirable. I never any where else saw this double expression of opposite passions on the same countenance, except in a piece of sculpture at Gênes. This is the *Chef-d'œuvre* of Puget, and represents the Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian. Here you behold, on the visage of the Saint, the tortures of pain, and, at the same time, resignation and divine love.

It is necessary, mamma, that a great Painter should have acquired great knowledge.

Certainly; a Painter must indispensibly study Anatomy; he cannot thoroughly understand Perspective, without learning the elements of Geometry; he ought to have an intimate acquaintance with History and Mythology, ancient and modern: he should be a man of observation, and a Philosopher; and, if he has not made the human heart his greatest study, he will never become sublime.

The requisites are so many, and so great, mamma, that I am not astonished we have so few fine Painters.

We do not seem at present to have any idea of what is possible for Genius and Industry to perform. The famous Raphael died at thirty-seven, yet he was a good Sculptor, an excellent Architect,
and

and the greatest Painter that ever existed (a). Michael Angelo likewise was superiorly great in Sculpture, Architecture, and Painting (b). But the excessive increase of luxury, by multiplying frivolous amusements, drags us from retreat and study, and deprives us of industry. Painters, in our time, are not only ignorant of Sculpture and Architecture, but I am afraid they read little; for, in general, they chuse none but common-place subjects; and, what is worse, they treat these subjects in a common-place manner.

But, mamma, how should it be otherwise, when a subject has been so often treated?

(a) There is a Jonas by Raphael, at Rome, said to be a master-piece in its kind, likewise several Palaces built after his designs. He was born at Urbin, and died in 1520. His body, after having lain three days in the great Hall of the Vatican, under his famous picture of the Transfiguration, was carried to the Rotunda, preceded by this same picture; the most glorious monument of his labours and his genius, and which Leo X. made conducive to the funeral pomp of this sublime Artist.

(b) I find in the life of Michael Angelo, that he was the first Inventor of that species of modern Fortification by which he defended his native city of Florence, and obliged the enemy to raise the siege. Among other remains of Sculpture by this Artist, the statue, at Rome, of Moses holding the Book of the Law under his arm, is particularly admired. He died, aged 90, in 1564.

To

To Genius, nothing is more easy, in painting especially: of which I will cite you two remarkable examples. I dare say you have seen above a hundred *Roman Charities*: have you not?

Oh! that we certainly have.

There is not a collection of pictures in which one Roman charity at least is not found. What think you of the one I am going to describe?— A young woman suckles her father in prison, her child lies weeping in her arms, and seems by its cries to demand a subsistence which nature destined for it, while the mother beholds it with tenderness and grief (a).

This is indeed a new effect, mamma, and yet the same subject.

The Painter has only added a single circumstance to produce this great effect.

But have you a right to invent circumstances in historical facts?

No doubt, if they are probable. Genius, however, finds other means, as in the second example I shall cite. All Painters, who take the subject of Judith and Holofernes, think they cannot do better than represent a woman of a masculine figure, and a martial air, whose menacing front announces her warlike genius. This, however,

(a) This painting is in the Spada Palace at Rome. The idea is beautiful, the execution indifferent.

was

was not Judith's character; she was a homicide only to save her country, and because she believed herself inspired by heaven. So saith the story. It is therefore very possible that Judith had the natural mildness, modesty, and timidity of her sex; and that, carried away by the love of her country and divine inspiration, she committed an act which she could not otherwise have done. Enthusiasm has often produced events as extraordinary.

This is exactly what Paul Veronese has supposed in his divine picture; he has represented Judith beauteous, delicate, ingenuous, modest, timid, and with an angelic sweetness in her physiognomy. She holds in her fair hand the bloody head of Holofernes, and turns her eyes from the fearful object; her countenance does not express the horror of remorse, but the affections of pity; and while we look, we feel how much such an action must have cost her. It is impossible to behold this picture without great emotion. An Ethiopian woman holds a bag open; she considers, with ferocious curiosity, the head of Holofernes, and forms the most striking contrast to the mild and celestial Judith (a). This example may serve

(a) Paul Caliari Veronese was born at Verona in 1537. His most perfect picture is at Venice, in the Refectory of the Convent of St. George; the subject is the marriage of

to convince you that the resources of Genius are inexhaustible; and that force of imagination may be seen in the most common subjects.

Can you give us, mamma, said Caroline, any general rules, by which we may determine if a picture be good or bad?

To judge of paintings well, it is necessary, as I have before said, to observe the effects of nature, of Trees seen in perspective, of Rivers, Skies, Tempests, the rising and setting Sun, &c.

Then, to become a Connoisseur, it is necessary to have lived in the country.

Yes, and to have travelled likewise; to have seen Mountains, Rocks, Precipices, natural Cascades, and all those great objects which Nature never unites in one spot: nay more, the Critic, like the Painter, ought to have a profound knowledge of the human heart; or how can he be certain of his judgment, when he says, "Such an incident demands such a kind of expression?"

In fact, it is impossible to be an excellent judge of paintings, without having seen a great number,

of Cana. He died at Venice in 1588; his three sons were his disciples; the eldest, Charles, was particularly eminent, but he died at the age of 25. Verona gave birth likewise to another excellent Painter, Alexander Veronese, who called himself Turchi, or the Orbetto, and who died in 1670.

and

and having examined and compared them with the most careful attention. And after all, if the Amateur cannot draw and design, well or ill, there will be numberless beauties lost to him.

How does it happen then, we have so many Connoisseurs?

It is certain there never were so many collections formed: the Journalists assure us they are Connoisseurs, and, to prove they are, they make use of all the scientific terms adopted by certain Amateurs; they say that an Artist has a *free hand*, that his outlines are *too hard* or *too soft*, that his colouring is *too warm* or *too cold*, with many others of a similar kind.

These expressions are very droll; are they the terms of the art?

I am willing to suppose so; but it is certain that a man much superior to most of our Connoisseurs has seldom employed them, in an excellent treatise he has written, on painting. This great Painter, admired at Rome, as much as in the rest of Europe, has left a most useful and estimable work, which the ignorant as well as the Artist may read with pleasure, and in which neither barbarous words nor ridiculous expressions are to be found^(a).

Those

(a) Anthony Raphael Mengs, born at Dresden in 1728. The celebrated Winckelman has made the following *elogium* on this great Artist, whom the world has lately lost.

"An

Those who, happily, have new ideas seek not new words to explain themselves: they wish to be well understood, for they know that is the thing most essential.

To return to the general rules you wished; admitting that the Amateur has acquired most of the previous knowledge I have mentioned, his first care should be to examine the class to which each subject belongs; of which history is the first (a).

Let us then suppose the Connoisseur examining an historical painting.

“ An abstract of all the beauties which ancient Artists
 “ have dispersed among their figures, may be found in
 “ the immortal works of Raphael Mengs, first Painter
 “ to the Courts of Spain and Poland; first Artist of his
 “ age, and, perhaps, the first of future ages. Like the
 “ Phoenix, it may be said, Raphael has risen from his
 “ ashes to teach the universe perfection in his Art, and
 “ attain it himself, as far as is possible to man. It re-
 “ mained for Germany to produce a restorer of Painting,
 “ to shew the world a German Raphael, acknowledged
 “ such, and so admired, at Rome itself, the seat of the
 “ Arts.” *Histoire de l'Art*, Tome I. page 312.—An
 excellent translation, in French, of the work of Mengs,
 dedicated to Madame le Brun, cites the above eulo-
 gium.

(a) This class comprehends all great subjects of Imagination, of Allegory and Mythology.

Give me a subject.

This proposition, at first, embarrassed the children, but, after a little reflection, they gave for subject, Bias (*a*), purchasing the maidens of Messina.— I am pleased with the subject, said Madame de Clémire; it is interesting, and affords likewise the contrast of age, a diversity of expression, and the fine costume of the Greeks. Do you form the composition, and I will criticise: first, where would you lay the scene?

On the sea-shore, or in the house of Bias.

The house of a Philosopher ought to be simple, without colonades or pilasters.

Let it be the sea-shore then. The vessel of the Pirates is seen at a distance; they have just landed the young maidens, Bias purchases them, speaks to the two Pirates, and gives them the money; mean time the young maidens assemble, form a beautiful group, and express their joy.

Would it not be more interesting, were they to express their gratitude?

Oh, yes; so it would.

The Pirates, having received their money, are employed counting it in the back ground. Bias and the young maidens must necessarily be the principal

(*a*) BIAS, one of the seven Sages. See *Annales de la Vertue*, Tome I, page 281.

principal figures. How would you represent Bias, and what expression ought he to have?

That of a venerable old man, with satisfaction in his countenance.

And emotion, but with dignity; and without suffering that expression to deprive him of the majestic serenity which ought to be visible in the physiognomy of a Sage. What action would you give the young maidens?

They may embrace him, he being old and virtuous.

But he is a man, and young maidens are always modest, timid, and with lively feelings; and should so be represented, if you wish them to be affecting. What age would you give them?

They should be sixteen or seventeen.

That would have a monotonous effect; I should make one of them a girl of eight years old, another of eighteen, a third of twelve, and the rest of fourteen or fifteen. The youngest, with all the innocence of her age, should run into the arms of the Philosopher to embrace him; the eldest, as her who is most likely to speak and feel the benefit they had received with the greatest energy, should kneel to him; she likewise might clasp her young sister, of twelve, to her bosom, and present her to the Sage; her countenance should express her gratitude, and her companions, who are ar-

ranged behind her, would form an affecting group.

Why should they not come forward?

Timidity will not permit them; at their age, they cannot vanquish this sensation, even when very ill timed.

I now comprehend the whole; I see our Picture, and think it excellent.

Yes; but there are two characters, the Pirates, who take no part in the principal action, who do not attend to it, and this is a defect in the composition.

Let us suppose them not in the picture.

Nay, but they are necessary to the story; without them you could not divine what the subject might be.

Why may not the Pirates attend to the principal Group while counting their money?

Nothing should affect Pirates who are counting money.

Let us suppose the money divided, and take the moment when one of them is putting up his purse; the eye of the other being attracted, he jogs his companion, to make him observe what is going forward. What expression would you give him who is looking?

An expression of mere curiosity.

Very

Very well; I think our Picture is now tolerably well composed (a).

Let us compose a Picture every day, mamma; we will each, by turns, give a subject. Will not that be charming?

I am willing, provided you can now tell me, and in few words, what is requisite to be observed, in general, in order to judge of the merit of a Painting, relative to it's composition.

That is very easy; you have just taught us.

Well, let me hear.

It is first necessary that the subject should be easily known by all those who have read the story it represents; it should next be observed whether the point of time be well chosen, and, also, the place; if the characters have such attitudes and such expression as their age and circumstance require; and, lastly, if the costume be well observed.

(a) In Pictures where the Figures are not mere Accessories, as in Landscapes, it is necessary they should fill up the greatest part of the canvas, especially when the subject affords many Figures. There is another important rule to be observed in composition, which is that the Figures in the Back-Ground ought not to have equal strength of expression with those in the Fore-Ground, but there should be a gradation of passion consonant to the Perspective.

You have perfectly understood all I have said.

And may we compose an Historical picture every evening, like as we have done to-day?

Yes, I give you my word; and when, next spring, we shall be at Champcery, we will chuse other subjects, of the rustic kind, such as Teniers (*a*) and Gerard-Dow (*b*) used to paint.

We shall have the very models before us.

So Painters ought to have. Understand, however, this style of painting is much inferior to the other. Woe be to him that prefers the representation

(*a*) David Teniers the Elder, was born at Antwerp, in 1582. He was the Scholar of Rubens, and painted only Laboratories, Smoking Rooms, Dutch Fairs, and similar subjects. His son, David Teniers, was yet more eminent in the same style. Abraham, his brother, was inferior to both.

(*b*) Gerard-Dow was born at Leyden, in 1613, and was the Pupil of Rembrandt. He died in 1680. His best Disciples were Skalken and Miers, and his finest Pictures the Quack Doctor, and the Dropsical Woman: the first is in the Duffeldorp Gallery, and the second at Turin, in the King of Sardinia's Collection. It represents a Dropsical Woman, of an interesting countenance, sitting in an arm-chair, while an Empiric, in a long satin robe, examines a phial, which contains a liquid; the woman's daughter is kneeling before her, looking with great expression of pity in her face, and weeping.

tion of an Ale-house, or a woman selling Carrots and Cabbages, to the works of Raphael and Corregio (a),

The Comic Style cannot exist in Painting, because no Pantomime can be interesting without a Denouement, and, especially, without action; let him imagine every thing that is ridiculous, every thing the most grotesque, he will never have the trifling merit of a Buffoon; he will never make any body burst into a laugh; he can only be low and gross, cannot be pleasant. Painting has the power to soften, to please; can present gentle and agreeable images; can inspire pity, terror, and admiration; but never real mirth. I often hear of the perfect truth of the Flemish Paintings, but I regard not truth in Books or Pictures, except as it instructs or affects me. I have no pleasure in looking at an old ugly Cook-Maid weeping over Onions; some would be in raptures

(a) Antonio Allegri Corregio, was born at Corregio, in Modena, and is considered as the Founder of the Lombardian School. He particularly attached himself to Grace, and no Painter has ever excelled him in the elegant. After considering a Picture of Raphael's with great attention, he is said to have exclaimed, *Anche io son pittore*: "And I too am a Painter." Corregio was a Mathematician also, and an Architect. He died in 1534, aged 40.

at beholding such a figure, but it should never find a place in my Cabinet. I shall always be capricious enough to think a handsome shepherdess a more agreeable object; and I should still prefer to her a Nymph or a Goddess, because they present a more perfect model of Beauty.

If a Painting has not the merit of an ingenious or interesting composition; if it only represents one or two inactive figures, they ought, at least, to be well imagined, and such as are worthy to fix the attention; like as, a venerable old Man, or a perfectly beautiful Woman. What pleasure can the exact imitation of a thing produce, which is not, in its own nature, deserving of notice? It requires no more genius to paint a Fish-woman than a Flower-vase: and, certainly, the last ought to have the preference, since it is the most agreeable (a).

Permit me, mamma, said Pulcheria, to ask you another question; I wish to know, particularly, in what the merit of an Allegory consists?

An Allegory ought to be evident, that is to say, easy to understand at first sight; it ought to contain some just idea, or some moral thought;
for

(a) *The Reader will form his own judgment of these opinions on the Comic in Painting; it seems evident, however, that Madame de Genlis has never seen the Works of Hogarth, or at least never studied them. T.*

for example, *Innocence throwing herself into the arms of Justice*; or *Peace conducting Plenty* (a). These Allegories at once afford delightful images, and just and moral ideas. *Time unveiling Truth*, is an old Allegory, but must always please, because of it's propriety. It has, however, one defect, which is, that the Figure of Truth has not Attributes sufficiently marking to be known without hesitation. Some assert that Truth should be represented as a majestic Woman, simply clothed; others pretend she should be naked; for which reason, the personification of this Virtue becomes confused.

But has not the Allegory you have just mentioned, the same defect? Has Innocence any known Attributes?

They often give it such as can only serve to lead the mind astray; as a Dove, for instance, which is one of the Insignia of Venus; but Innocence needs no attributes, under the hands of an Artist of genius; it will then be sufficiently easy to divine by the necessary expression. Truth has no such advantage: she is painted beautiful, noble, and cold, but so may a Nymph or Goddess be; therefore she is neither characterised by her Attributes nor her Physiognomy; but the expression of innocence belongs only to Innocence;

E 5

she

(a) Both by Madame le Brun;

she cannot be confounded with Nymphs, Graces, and Goddeses, who are neither so youthful nor so affecting as herself; her Attributes are on her face, in her eyes; an interesting mixture of timidity, modesty, and gentleness, embellishes and speaks who she is. Pure and celestial Figure, the extent of whose charms the delicate pencil of a woman alone can trace!

Hence you may learn it requires much less genius to paint Allegorical Figures with material Attributes, than to represent those who can only be characterised by the expression of the countenance; for it is much easier to paint a cornucopia, or a pair of wings, than an expressive face. Rubens has represented Ignorance in the Luxembourg Gallery: the Figure has no Attributes, yet is as soon, and generally, known as Time or Discord. None but a superior Artist could have given this degree of truth to an affection of the mind.

Consequently there are no Passions, Vices, or Virtues, which may not be painted allegorically?

Oh yes, but there are, and many, which a Painter can convey no idea of, or at least none but vague and obscure ones. All those who want both Attributes and characteristic expression, ought, for this reason, to be rejected, in general. Benevolence, for instance, is a Virtue without

Attributes, or Expression, peculiar to itself, and may be confounded with Pity.

It seems to me, mamma, Painters ought to read Poetry as well as History, and then they need not want Allegories.

You are very right; but they generally read little, except Translations from Homer and Tasso; whereas Milton and others might furnish them with subjects less hacknied, and equally noble; they might find, also, in our French Poets, a multitude of charming images and ideas. Thus, if an Artist wished to depict Hygeia, the Goddess of Health, *Gresset* will furnish him with an excellent Group of Figures. I will read you his description of her, and, after the first six lines, do you imagine to yourselves I am describing Beings, which must each in order be placed upon the Canvas.

*As Hebe swift, as Venus fair,
Youthful, rosy, light as air,
She comes, dispersing Ills and Glooms;
And Courage glows, and Beauty blooms;
Fits, Faintings, Languors, tottering fly
The vivid glances of her Eye.
So Cupid, Bacchus, Morpheus are
Attendants on her jocund Car;
While she, with Vine and Myrtle crown'd,
Beholds extended on the ground*

The God of Epidaurus (a) thrown,
His pow'r contemn'd, his art unknown.

True, mamma, replied Pulcheria, a charming Picture, indeed, might be formed from this description.

I have always forgot, said Cæsar, to ask my mamma a thing which I just now recollect. A few days since we saw a piece of Sculpture, representing a woman at the bath, attended by a Negress. The figure bathing is of white marble, but the Negress is in bronze.

I know this performance, it is charming, and the name of the Artist who is the author of it is a sufficient eulogium. There is a reason why the Negress is in bronze. She holds a vase of water, and it was necessary to have leaden pipes pass through the Statue, in order to send the water into the Vase: this could not have been executed had the statue been of marble; otherwise, the Artist would, certainly, never have jumbled marble and bronze in the same composition; he has too much taste not to feel the effect could not be happy.

There is a statue of Saint Stanislaus, at Rome, in his religious habit. The robe is of black marble, and the figure of white; which medley is more shocking than the one we have just mentioned.

(a) The Statue of Æsculapius.

tioned, and must destroy, not add to, the delusion. If, while examining sculpture, the mind is not wholly occupied by the idea of form, if any accessory introduces that of colour, if the drapery is represented short, and with natural shades, the Spectator would immediately require the carnation of the face, and, wanting it, would only behold a Doll, ridiculously clothed.

I can easily suppose that, mamma; but why then is this very same thing admired in seal engraving?

Because heads cut in a seal or a ring can never, any way, produce the slightest degree of illusion. The things wished there are elegance and purity of design; and it is reasonable to praise the Artist who knows how to bring forth the beauties of the stone, by taking an ingenious advantage of the natural colours it possesses.

I am glad, mamma, of this explanation, for I confess it was this very mixture, white and black, that pleased me; I thought it fine, because I had never seen the like before.

Hereafter you will know that it is not sufficient for an idea to be new, it must also be natural. If an invention is neither useful nor agreeable, it is not meritorious but capricious; and resembles the whims of the Sicilian Prince, of whom I spoke to you the other day: it is productive of extravagance, it brings forth Monsters (3).

They

They now came to inform Madame de Clémire her carriage was ready, and she took the children to the Comedy. As they returned, they conversed on the play; and Cæsar was desirous his mamma should give him some general precepts, by which he might judge of dramatic works.—You are too young, at present, said Madame de Clémire, to be properly informed on that subject; but I have the plan of a work, which I shall surely execute for the benefit of my children: it will be entitled *Cours de Littérature, à l'Usage des jeunes personnes*. (A course of Literature for the use of young people.) This you shall read, when you are sixteen or seventeen, and, with the addition of that most estimable work, called, *La Poétique*, by Marmontel, I have no doubt but you will have an enlarged knowledge of such things, and a good taste.

How many volumes will it make, mamma?

Three, at most.

And will it be amusing?

I certainly shall neglect nothing that may give pleasure and variety, as much as possible; for, I am well convinced, youth cannot be instructed by what is tiresome and dull. It will be my endeavour to draw my principles from nature, to convey clear and precise ideas, and to give you a general knowledge of French, English, Italian, and Spanish literature.

By

By this time the carriage entered the Court, they arrived, and sat down to supper with lassitude; all complained of the head-ache, and Cæsar and his sisters found they no longer possessed the keen appetites and chearful spirits the air of Champcèry gave. They gaped at each other, they lolled in their chairs, they could not eat; and they all agreed they should be sorry to go every evening and be shut up three hours in a box at the Play-house. The pleasures of walking, reading, and conversing, they all owned, were preferable to anything the Theatre could afford.

Not but that they walked at Paris, but then it was in the gardens of the Tuilleries, the Palais-Royal, or the Elysian Fields, where decorum must be observed, and where they only regretted the Woods, the Meadows, and the charming liberty of the fields of Burgundy. Cæsar severely criticised every thing he saw. What a dust! cried he. What a crowd! And what do these people come here for; to stare and run in each others way, and hinder me from running and climbing up the trees?

And these large basins of stagnant water, said Caroline, are they equal to our pond at Faulin, where we have angled and caught so many fish? And then, instead of our blackberries and filbert-nuts, to see nothing but trimmed evergreens, stone walls,

walls, or iron-gates ! No plants, no flowers. Oh what dull gardens ! How can people shut themselves up here, for ever, when they might live in the country !

Madame de Clémire heard these murmurs ; but did not disapprove them, because they were well-founded ; but she took the children to the King's garden, which they found more instructive, and almost as pleasant as the Woods of Champcery. The study of Botany, and natural History, rendered these walks so agreeable, that they would think of no other during the rest of Autumn.

Winter came, and, with it, new repinings. They recollected, sighing, the frozen ponds of the country, their slides, their snow-balls, and their evening stories ; in fine, all the pleasures of which they were deprived. The balls of Paris were but a poor recompense ; they afforded but little amusement, and they always returned fatigued and disappointed. In the month of January Caroline had so bad a cold that she was obliged to have a separate chamber, because she disturbed her sister so much in the night, by which means Pulcheria was left alone.

In about five or six days time Madame de Clémire learnt that Pulcheria, notwithstanding the excessive cold, sat without a fire in her room, and that she would not let them make one ever
since

since her Sister's indisposition. Surprised at this fancy, Madame de Clémire questioned the servants. The *Frotteur*, whose business it was to bring the wood, declared, that Mademoiselle Pulcheria had desired him to put her three faggots, every morning, at the bottom of the closet, in the anti-chamber. For my part, madam, said the *Frotteur*, I asked no questions, though I thought it odd, because I thought it was my lady's pleasure.

The Governante was solely employed in the care of Caroline, and had not been in Pulcheria's chamber, who was now waited on by a young girl they had brought out of Burgundy; and who, being interrogated in her turn, said, that Mademoiselle Pulcheria had told her she did not chuse fire, but that she would accustom herself to bear the cold.

After getting all the intelligence she could, Madame de Clémire went up to Pulcheria's apartment: the bottom of the closet was first visited, but not a single faggot was there to be found. She then entered her daughter's chamber. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and Pulcheria was walking, at a good pace, up and down the room, to keep herself warm, while she was repeating her task. Gertrude, her country maid, was sitting in a corner knitting. As soon as Pulcheria saw her mamma, she blushed. —How now, said Madame

Madame de Clémire, how does it happen child, that you are without fire ?

Oh, I can keep myself warm, mamma.

Madame de Clémire sat down, and sent away Gertrude, then taking Pulcheria by the hand, said, you will, now, I am sure, my dear, speak to me as to a friend.

I will tell you every thing, my dear mamma ; but perhaps you have already guessed ?

I have some confused suspicions.

You shall know all. About seven or eight days since, I heard my Governante telling how a poor woman, who lives in our street, had been to ask alms ; my Governante gave her something, and went once afterwards to carry her bread. My Governante told me that this poor woman desired nothing so much as to work for her living, but she could find nothing to do ; and, what is still more to be pitied, she had no firing. My Governante said she would furnish her with work, and I thought, if I could send her firing, she, then, would want nothing. I would not tell you of it, mamma, because I had already formed my project ; I knew that my Sister was going to sleep in another chamber, and I said to myself, here is a fine opportunity of doing, like Sidonia, a good action in private. I will not even speak of it to mamma ; for, since time discovers all things, she will know it

it soon or late; but it does not become me to be vain of it, and when known it will give the greater pleasure; in the mean while the poor woman will be happy, and God will behold the action. I then determined to pass the morning without fire, by which means I should save three faggots; and I desired the *Frotteur* to lay them at the bottom of the closet, which he always did in the evening, to save his labour the next morning. I was obliged to make a confidante of Jeanneton the chamber-maid, who, at first, made some objections; till I assured her, instead of making you angry, mamma, it would give you great pleasure: she declared, however, that if you questioned her she should tell the truth, but if you did not, she promised me to be silent.

And did she undertake to carry the wood to the poor woman?

Yes, mamma, every morning.

But how could she pass the outer gate, thus loaded, and regularly carrying three faggots?

Dear! I do not know; I never thought of that; the porter might well be surprized; and yet he cannot have asked her any questions, since she never said any thing to me.

There is something at the bottom of this that we are ignorant of; but, tell me, have you suffered much from the cold?

A little.

A little, the two first days ; but I remembered, that the poor woman and her little ones would warm themselves, for she has six small children and a sick husband ; but Jeanneton tells me, they are much better off now.

How so, with three faggots, only ?

Yes. Jeanneton says they are quite enlivened, quite different people. To be sure I sent them, beside the faggots, two boxes of candied orange-peel, for the children, that my papa brought me from Fontainebleau. That is not all : the day before yesterday, I do not know how it happened, but my papa asked me, if I should not be glad to have some money to buy me play-things ? At first, I answered no ; but I afterwards recollected the poor woman, and blushed. Papa kissed me, and gave me a guinea ; after which, he enumerated how many things a guinea would buy ; and, I must own, I had a great desire to lay out a crown of it in purchasing pincushions ; and yet this made me melancholy. I got my guinea changed, put a crown in my pocket, and giving the rest to Jeanneton, bade her carry it to the poor woman, and added, that the next day I should send her to buy me some pincushions. She left the room ; I took my crown out of my pocket, and looked at it with uneasiness ; for, as I, at first, had intended to give the whole guinea to the poor woman, it
seemed

seemed to me that I kept something which was not my own: away I ran to the stair-head, to call back Jeanneton, but she was gone, and I saw her no more till the next morning. I waked sometimes, and began to think on the pincushions and the poor woman.—I was a good deal embarrassed, but recollecting, at last, this was the first guinea I ever had in my life, I said to myself, I must employ it all in a good action: this thought determined me; Jeanneton arrived, and I sent her with the three faggots and the crown-piece.

Just as Pulcheria had ended this recital a footman entered, and gave a note to Madame de Clémire, who, looking at the direction, said to Pulcheria, it is addressed to you, my dear; it is, no doubt, an invitation to a ball. So saying, she opened the note, and, to the great astonishment of Pulcheria, read as follows:

“Mademoiselle,

“Come and receive the recompense of your
 “bounty to us; come and see from what misery
 “you have relieved us; nothing is now wanting
 “to our felicity, but to have her, to whom we are
 “indebted for it, a witness of it. We cannot
 “better prove our gratitude to our young, our
 “dear Benefactress, than to shew her the family
 “she has rendered so perfectly happy.”

Dear

Dear mamma, cried Pulcheria, do, my good mamma, be kind enough to take me to see these good people.

Certainly, my dear, replied Madame de Clémire; we will go directly, I will order the carriage. Come, come, my dear girl.

Madame de Clémire took Pulcheria by the hand, and away they went. At the bottom of the staircase they met the Marquis. Where are you going? said he; if you are going abroad, I am just returned, and my carriage is ready.

We are: come, go with us, my dear.

Willingly, replied the Marquis. And, without asking farther questions, gave the Marchioness his arm.

Pulcheria followed with inexpressible emotion. They entered their carriage, it departed, and, in about five minutes, stopt. They alighted, crossed a little yard, the Marquis opened the door, and they found themselves in a large chamber. In the midst of it they saw a Sadler at work, while a woman, sitting at a table, with six little girls at her side, the biggest of whom was only ten years old, was busy at her needle-work. The moment the Marquis de Clémire appeared, the whole family rose; come hither, Madame le Blanc, said the Marquis, this is Pulcheria.

Instantly

Instantly the wife, the husband, the children, all flew to Pulcheria. Oh! my dear young lady, replied the woman, is it you? What at your age! And so delicate too! Could you pass these wintry days without fire, to send us your wood——Your money——Nay your very sweetmeats, every thing you had to give?——But behold! look how happy we are!——My husband is recovered, our debts are paid, our children are clothed, we are made capable of getting our living, we want for nothing, and you alone were the first author of all our happiness; for, had it not been for your goodness, your dear papa would never have known us.

Ah! papa, then Jeanneton has told you all.

From the very first day, replied the Marquis; nay, I have more than once carried the faggots in my coach to Madame le Blanc; but I expressly forbid Jeanneton to speak of it to your mamma, or give you any hints that I was in the secret; I wished to agreeably surprize you both.

After this explanation, the Marquis was tenderly kissed by his wife and daughter; and they conversed, for about half an hour, with the good people, then rose to take their leave. Just at this moment the children ran to fetch a little box, and the eldest, presenting it to Pulcheria, prayed her to accept it, saying, it is our own work; my mother,
my

my sisters, and myself, all have been busy at it; and, I assure you, mademoiselle, with a right good-will.

Pulcheria opened the box, and found it full of the prettiest pincushions she had ever seen. Pulcheria blushed, then, turning towards her father, said, indeed, papa, I thought no more about them—but, now, with what pleasure do I receive them! since they are the work of this good woman and charming little girls.

Pulcheria's heart was full; she kissed the children, and the tears again came in her eyes, when, as she was going, she heard the benedictions of the whole family.—Oh my poor sister, replied Pulcheria, as she got into the carriage, how sorry I am her cold has prevented her from partaking the satisfaction I now feel.—Permit me, mamma, continued she, since I am accustomed to do without fire, to give you my wood for the poor every winter.

No, replied Madame de Clémire, I must not let you undertake to perform what at length must become too painful; you know I have already told you that those resolutions which demand a certain degree of perseverance are not for an age like your's; but, if you wish every winter to renew the action you have just done, that is to say, to remain

eight days without firing, and give it to some poor family, you shall have my leave with all my heart.

Oh yes, yes, mamma, I will certainly do so.
 —A thought has just struck me—Cannot I also do without wine at my dinner, for a certain space of time, and give it to the same poor family?

You drink so little that you would be a considerable time in saving half a bottle, only.

But when I shall be grown up, mamma, how much shall I then drink in eight days?

Four bottles, at the very most.

If it were but three it would be very acceptable to a sick person.

Certainly, three bottles of good wine might be a precious and salutary present; and if we were to go eight days every month without wine, our health would be the better for it, and our very pleasure in tasting it increased.

By such means, then, one may give alms, and yet not be rich.

Without any extra expence, it is possible, in the course of the year, to succour a great number of people, if we would, only, occasionally, deprive ourselves of superfluities. Let me observe, too, that a momentary privation is productive of certain pleasure; for example, when you have remained all the morning without a fire, and come down into the drawing-room, at one

o'clock, do you not experience a pleasure which you would not have felt if you had been sitting over a fire in your own room?

O yes, mamma, I warm myself with extream satisfaction; the very sight of the fire, somehow, makes me quite happy.

Hence, then, you find, that pleasure is every way at accord with benevolence; for the sweet delight of doing a good action is, as you have just experienced, the greatest of all possible pleasures.

How does it happen, mamma, that there are people who do not know, nor feel, this?

A trifling vanity, and a silly love of shew, corrupt many hearts; yet, even here, where luxuries so often stifle virtue, we may find examples that do honour to the age; the anonymous alms, only, sent to the different Curates of Paris, are immense. A multitude of prisoners, every month, composed of unfortunate tradesmen, owe liberty, and the pleasure of again seeing their children, to persons unknown. Benevolence has found prizes in all the Academies; it has formed, in Paris and its environs, useful and respectable establishments. How natural, then, is virtue to the heart of man, since it predominates in a place where it is combated by so many factitious and puerile passions, which a contemptible and foolish vanity produces.

Here

Here this conversation ended; for Madam de Clémire, desirous of knowing how Caroline did, rose, took Pulcheria with her; and went to her chamber. Caroline's cough was something worse; she had eaten a little cake of dried cherries, not knowing that what was very healthy, in general, might be bad for her cold. Madam de Clémire took this occasion of repeating to her children, how necessary it was to understand the properties of our usual food; since this knowledge, added to temperance, will prevent a thousand inconveniencies, and many very dreadful diseases.

As soon as Caroline was recovered, her mamma took her children to a new Opera, with which they were all highly delighted. The next day, their studies being all over, the children came and sat with their mamma till supper-time; there was company, and the conversation turned on the Opera. What, madam, said a little man, who spoke excessively loud to the Marchioness, is it possible, madam, you can be pleased with the music?

Exceedingly.

But you have been a Gluckist these two years.

And, as I have neither forgotten nor ceased to love good music, I am so still.

If so, you ought not to be pleased with the new Opera.

F 2

No,

No, Sir! why not?

Because it is impossible to love two styles of composition so absolutely opposite.

I believe it is as impossible to love the good and the bad, as it is to esteem a fool and a man of understanding; but I believe, and I feel, I can take pleasure in different styles of composition, though, Sir, as you say, absolutely opposite; for which reason, I love Corneille, Racine, Gluck, and Piccini.

But do you conceive the consequence of this impartiality? Your suffrage will please neither the Partisans of Gluck nor of Piccini.

May be so, but I shall have the double pleasure of admiring them both; and as to glory, I prefer that of being equitable, to that of obtaining the praises of either of their Partisans.

But, speak truly, is it possible you can love *Orphée*, *Iphigénie*, *Alceste*, *Armide*? — The music of Vandals! — A monstrous and detestable creation!

A visitor arrived, Madame de Clémire changed the conversation, and the little man, finding nobody to dispute with, grew dull, and retired in a very ill-humour.

As soon as the children were alone with Madame de Clémire, dear mamma, said Caroline, how terribly you vexed the gentleman who went away so abruptly. He who had so great an aversion to Gluck.

M. de

M. de Volny you mean?—Do you think his behaviour polite, rational, moderate?

Oh dear, no, and he spoke in such a manner.

He was angry, yet you said nothing to offend him.

No, but so is ever the spirit of party. Remember, therefore, no person can be uniformly well-behaved and reasonable, without a total impartiality.

What did he mean, mamma, by Vandals, and a detestable creation? I did not understand him.

He did not understand himself; he has no knowledge of music.

No! and yet decide with so much confidence.

It is the fashion at present; those who do not know how to beat time to an air, who cannot distinguish perfect harmony from a discord, and who, while they listen, know not when one movement ends and another begins, argue, learnedly, on composition, and even write books to prove that Piccini has no genius, or that Gluck is a Barbarian.

Can one be a Connoisseur in music, mamma, without a knowledge of the science?

No; that is absolutely impossible. We have already allowed, that, with the best natural taste possible, after long study, after travelling and observing with attention the varieties of nature, and all the collections of pictures in Europe, an

Amateur, if he cannot paint himself, never can distinguish all the beauties of a picture visible to a good Painter: yet painting is a real imitation of nature; it represents material objects as they are hourly seen, and many parts of it must equally please the ignorant and the learned; the nicer touches of art escape the first, but they cannot help being pleased with an imitation that looks like nature itself.

It is not the same with music; the composer of an Opera, no doubt, must find, in nature, that kind of declamation which his Poem requires; but this species of imitation is too abstracted, to be as generally felt as that of painting. Besides, music may have expression and yet not be good: as, for example, if certain rules of composition are not observed, which, however, none but a Musician will properly feel the defect of. I own that, in general, it is my opinion, sensibility and good taste may, without a knowledge of music, distinguish the merits of certain passages, where the expression is very happy; may feel the difference of style, and determine if the melody be agreeable, or common and insipid; but it is impossible they can hear the beauties or defects of complicated harmony; they absolutely do not hear them, they are deaf to the effects of an accompaniment. I sustain (and the proof is easy) that a person who does not understand

understand music, that is to say, who cannot decypher it with facility, and whose youth has not been past in composing it, will never thoroughly know it: let another modulate, and give a mixture of good and false concord; and let this be a person of reputation, and you shall see one of these Connoisseurs, who declaim so emphatically on *barbarous music, motives, and intentions*, listen, with delight, to discords and unconnected resolutions of harmony, which would make a Musician shudder, and bestow the most pompous praises while he listens. And what do people gain, who wish to seem learned in things they know nothing about? They impose on nobody, they talk nonsensically, they judge without taste, they are accused of pedantry by the ignorant, of folly by the well-informed, and they are tiresome and disagreeable to both (4).

Some days after this conversation, Cæsar, one morning, entered the chamber of the Marquis, holding a newspaper in his hand, and said, I am come, papa, to ask you a question concerning a thing which to me appears very extraordinary; look, here is *the Journal de Paris*, the Abbé gives it me to read every time he finds a benevolent action recounted in it.

He must give it you very often, then, for scarce a day passes in which you do not see the word BENEVOLENCE, printed in large characters.

Yes, papa, but this is what I am vexed at.
How so?

Because such a title bespeaks some great action, and, in this Journal, I am almost continually disappointed.—Look, papa, what follows after the word Benevolence.

Yes, I see——It is a long story.

It takes up half the paper——Shall I tell it you, papa?

If you please.

A poor woman had placed her fire-pot under her clothes, and fell asleep. Somebody came in and found her burning; her petticoats were all in a flame, she had no longer the human form. The horse soldiers, that guard the streets, arrived, and both they and the spectators were affected; the soldiers assisted the dying woman; a Surgeon asked for a little oil and some wine for her, and one of the soldiers went and got it; the Surgeon applied it to the poor patient, who was afterwards sent to the hospital, whither the soldiers conducted her.

Well, but relate the act of Benevolence.

I have, papa, it was the oil that the soldier went to seek.

That is not possible, Cæsar.

Nay, papa, there is the paper, read (a).

It

(a) *Journal de Paris*, No. 340, samedi 6 Decembre, 1783.

It is very true, you have omitted nothing—— this must be seen to be believed.

As they must have been inhumanly barbarous not to have assisted that poor wretched woman, I am quite shocked to see them praise, with such emphasis, so natural an act; and dignify men with the title of benevolent, for merely fulfilling indispensable duties.

Your remark is just; he who thinks himself heroic for doing his duty, will never get any farther, will never become virtuous: and, if every body agreed to think that benevolence, which is the mere office of humanity, benevolence would not long be seen upon earth.

Madam de Clémire and her daughters now came in; they breakfasted, and afterwards went abroad to visit cabinets of natural History, and collections of Paintings, which recreation Madam de Clémire procured her children twice a week. To give variety to these instructive amusements, they sometimes went to see manufactories, or works of architecture.

My children, said Madam de Clémire, if you wish to inhabit cities, to be happy in them, and not become a prey to lassitude, never give yourselves up to idle dissipation, which can neither satisfy the heart, nor occupy the mind; never debase your taste by a frivolous and contemptible

love of shew; preserve carefully in your bosoms the active and tender compassion you owe the unfortunate; remember, where luxury is most prevalent, there is misery most powerful; and recollect how little, often, may snatch Wretchedness from disease and death. You have some idea of the pure happiness which awaits you in the habitation of Want; search, ardently, stretch out the hand of charity, and enjoy the glory, and the delight, of offering, to the eyes of Poverty, the merciful and sublime image of the Creator; of making the sweet tears of Gratitude, and the passionate transports of unexpected Joy, succeed the bitter cries of Despair.

Finally, my children, in these places of resort for genius and emulation, where, in a thousand varied forms, they daily present their labours, love the fine arts, encourage ingenuity and industry, and cultivate your minds, and extend your knowledge, in order to enjoy a number of rational pleasures, the value of which is unknown to ignorance. Yet, let not even these instructive occupations, and these varied amusements, make you insensible to the sweet delights of a country life. Oh! may the remembrance of the Tales of the Castle never be effaced from your hearts; and may you never forget the charms, the innocence,
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the variety, the true pleasures which simple Nature ever affords !

Madam de Clémire, at one of their evening conversations, had told her children she should write some moral tales for their instruction. As they grew up, and might venture to read with the assistance of a Commentator, she gave them the three following Tales ; saying, you may read, hereafter, many stories infinitely more agreeable than mine, perhaps ; but you will find, in these, morality and truth, at least ; and, if they please you, I have three others which you shall, one day, have to read.

THE

TWO REPUTATIONS.

A MORAL TALE.

LUZINCOURT, satisfied with a moderate fortune, and an obscure, but peaceable and happy, existence, lived, like a Philosopher, at the farther end of Champagne, in a small house, two leagues from Rheims; he had been a widower several years, and found, in the study of science, and his tenderness for an only son, amusements and happiness equal to his wishes.

When young Luzincourt had attained his nineteenth year, his father told him of his design to send him to Strasbourg. My son, said he, you are not a gentleman, and have no fortune; I have given you an education which will procure you the means of distinguishing yourself, if you have activity and a noble ambition. You have reason and understanding, and yet I do not ask what condition of
life

life you would prefer, nor shall I make a choice for you myself.

My parents, without consulting my inclinations, made me a lawyer; probity preserved me from the dreadful misery of being a bad magistrate; but I did not love my profession, and my inclination for science made me quit it at forty. During twenty years, I fulfilled duties which, to me, were painful; and, when I wholly addicted myself to the studies to which my genius led me, I was too old to become eminent in a new career.

This experience, and the reflections I had made, have prevented me from pressing the choice of a profession upon you, till you should arrive at that age when your powers and propensities should be developed. At present I will send you to Strasbourg, where I would have you pass two years in the schools where law is taught, because there is no condition of life in which a knowledge of the laws is not useful, and even necessary to a good citizen.

Young Luzincourt assured his father of his obedience; and, three days after this conversation, departed for Strasbourg. Arrived in Alsace, he pursued his studies with ardour, writ regularly to his father, and, in the account he gave him of his occupations and amusements, continually spoke of
the

the inexpressible pleasure he took in reading Dramatic Authors and Works of Morality.

Luzincourt, also, kept up a correspondence with a friend, of his own age, who lived at Rheims. The name of this young man was Damoville : he was the eldest son of his father's most intimate friend, and, they having been educated together, he had conceived the most tender friendship for Damoville.

Never, however, did convenience and habit form a connexion less liable to last. Luzincourt, naturally timid and thoughtful, spoke little, was diffident of himself, and having, with much modesty, a great desire to gain information, he was silent, without an effort, and listened with avidity. To this reserve, this attention to the discourse of others, he was indebted for penetration much superior to his years. He already possessed the useful art of reading the countenance, and easily tracing there the slightest expression of envy, disdain, or ill-humour ; nature had given him a discerning mind, a delicate taste, a lively imagination, a feeling heart, and a noble soul.

Damoville, on the contrary, full of confidence and pride, spoke with assurance, and heard without attention ; his head was hot, and his heart cold ; his ideas often dazzled, but were often unjust and inconsistent ;

inconsistent; without sensibility, without greatness of soul, incapable of reflecting, of meditating, he imagined heroism, of every kind, to be either the effect of self-interested calculation, or the fruit of folly, more proper to excite the pity, than merit the admiration, of a Philosopher.

Though his self-love was excessive, his society was not without charms; his pliability was wonderful, and taught him to take, with ease, a thousand different forms. Having neither principles nor fixed character, he could change his opinion with facility, and this often preserved him from that obstinacy which pride usually inspires. Equally inconsistent and indiscreet, his defects sometimes gave his conduct and discourse an agreeable appearance of frankness and originality; and he possessed a certain natural malignity, which never appeared but in the form of a joke, and which might easily be taken for gaiety and good-humour.

Luzincourt, notwithstanding his penetration, did not know Damoville: accustomed from his tenderest infancy to look upon him as his brother, he could not judge impartially, but was equally blind to his sentiments and character; he wrote to him with pleasure and punctuality, gave him a circumstantial history of his occupations, and Damoville, on his part, informed Luzincourt, that he, likewise, had a passionate love for reading; and told

told him, moreover, in confidence, he had already begun to compose. Luzincourt, in his answers, exhorted him not to be too hasty; but, notwithstanding this prudent advice, Damoville replied, that, hurried on by the fire of imagination, he wrote, he composed continually, and every month enriched *Le Mercure de France* (a) with some new production.

The time being ended, prescribed by his father, Luzincourt quitted Strasbourg, and returned to Champagne; his joy was great, at finding himself once more in the arms of his father, and in the company of Damoville. My friend, said the latter to him, the die is cast, and my life shall be consecrated to the service of the Muses; my father consents; the success of my last Ode, and, especially, of my Philosophic Tale, has determined him to send me to Paris.

Paris! What by yourself?

Certainly; but I am known there to the most distinguished men of letters. I had the precaution to praise them, with some address, in my Ode, and my Philosophic Tale is full of touches purposely meant to please them.—Besides, they are astonished that a young man, of my age, should have

(a) *A kind of Weekly Magazine, published at Paris, in which the Moral Tales of Marmontel first appeared.* T.

been the Author of two productions so full of genius.—I have received letters, from three of them, which I will shew thee. They exhort me to quit the country; they expect, they wish, to see me, and I shall be gone in two months time.

The same evening Damoville shewed his friend the letters of which he had spoken, which really contained the most flattering eulogium on the talents of Damoville, and, especially, on his Philosophic Tale. Luzincourt could scarcely conceal his surprize: he had read this vaunted Tale, and well remembered, that certain works, and certain Academicians, were praised in it very emphatically; but he likewise remembered, he had never read any thing more uniformly dull.

As he was modest and inexperienced, he supposed himself wrong; he had judged Damoville, in the bottom of his heart, to be absolutely devoid of genius. I was deceived, said he, and I am happy to find I was. Damoville will become famous in the noble, the brilliant course he is about to run; it is proper, and most pleasing, to be proud of the fame of a friend.

Luzincourt, when interrogated by his father, freely confessed that he, as well as Damoville, had a strong propensity to the Belles-Lettres; but, added he, I am not ignorant my inclination cannot supply the want of talents. I have not the
proud

proud hope of becoming hereafter, equal to the authors I so much admire; the title of an estimable writer may satisfy my ambition, and is the wish of my heart. Speak then, my father, you can guide, you can instruct me; should you not approve the choice I have made, I will relinquish it instantly.

No, my son, said his father, tenderly embracing him, I will not speak against what I approve. Go, then, with Damoville; gain instruction there, where genius and the fine arts are understood and admired; only be careful to preserve your character, your principles, and your morals; look, reflect, before you write; examine nature, and your own heart; above all things, be consistent, and declaim not against intolerance, while you detest and persecute those who adopt not your opinions: vaunt not the consolations of philosophy while criticism offends, while contradiction irritates, and truth is disagreeable to you; pretend not to the sublime title of a Philosopher, if you cannot yourself afford a noble example of justice, moderation, and fortitude, or if you cannot pardon and condemn cabal and intrigue.

But I am undisturbed on that head, I know your sentiments, my son; they will beget reputation and fame. Even without genius, and with a common mind, you might speak worthily of
Virtue,

Virtue, whose image is always imprest on a generous and pure heart; but you, I hope, shall shew her in all her beauty; shall demonstrate her to be invariable and real; shall give her Religion for her basis, and shall paint her under a form so benevolent, so perfect, so natural, that the very Atheist shall be forced to admire, and blush he had before time mistaken her.

Young Luzincourt promised to follow his father's counsels, and endeavour to justify his hopes: he remained another month in the country, and then departed with Damoville for Paris, where he lodged at the house of a relation, a celebrated Advocate, and Damoville hired a small apartment in the same street.

The very day after his arrival, Damoville sought out all the men of letters from whom he had received such flattering answers; his reception equalled his hopes, and they proposed he should take a department in a Journal; they informed him of the principles it was necessary he should adopt, and Damoville shewed all the condescension they could hope, whence they immediately predicted his progress would be great and glorious.

While Damoville, devoted to his new patrons, indulged the most dazzling hopes, Luzincourt led a very different life. Darnay, the Advocate, his relation, with whom he lodged, had married
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the Sister of a celebrated Painter, and was visited by many of the best Artists. A society, like this, was perfectly conformable to the taste of Luzincourt, who naturally loved the arts, and felt how necessary it was for a man of letters to obtain well-founded knowledge on such noble subjects. He had learnt to draw, understood music, and listened with attention, and a strong desire of instruction, to the conversations he so frequently heard: he became particularly intimate with many of the Artists, went to see them when at work, and accompanied them when they visited the galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the collections of private persons.

Such were his morning employments: his afternoons were spent in attending the Theatres; and, at his return, before he went to bed, in writing a Journal of every thing interesting he had heard or seen in the course of the day.

In the midst of these amusements, he was afflicted to find he no more saw Damoville, who had been entirely lost to him for three months past; his attempts to draw him to the house of Darnay were ineffectual. Damoville loved to talk, to dissertate, to shine, and not to be instructed. The company that met at Darnay's tired him, he came once, but never returned.

Vanity,

Vanity, however, at length brought him back to Luzincourt. He had formed a very false opinion of the latter, with respect to himself; he supposed him to entertain a high idea of his merit; pride cannot feel, cannot understand, true friendship. Damoville imagined its looks, its delicate attentions and cares, to which the heart gave birth, were only so many homages to, so many avowals of, his superiority, and the tenderest of friends, in his eyes, was but his admirer.

Damoville, at last, found it necessary, to his vanity, to inform Luzincourt of his new success. Accordingly, one morning, he went to excuse and justify himself for his long neglect, when he gave a pompous detail of the occupations which overwhelmed him, the works he had in hand, and renewed his assurances of an entire and unbounded friendship.

Luzincourt was moved, and Damoville, coming to the point, said to him, I will prove to thee how great, how sincere, my confidence in thee is, by telling thee exactly of all that affects me nearest; here, my friend, look, I have brought thee an Epistle, in verse, addressed to *the Philosopher of Ferney*, (M. de Voltaire) not yet printed. It is about three weeks since I sent it him, and I have received, this very morning, an answer from him,
in

in verse, which thou shalt hear, presently; listen first to my Epistle.

Damoville then took his manuscript from his pocket, and read, in a loud voice, a long, tiresome Epistle, dictated, from one end to the other, by the most open flattery. *The Philosopher of Ferney*, however, compared the talents of Damoville to those of *La Fare* and *Chaulieu*. Damoville, said he, has their grace and ease, without their negligence and defects.

Luzincourt, surprized and confounded, was silent. Damoville talked on; thou mayest well suppose, said he, I shall print both my Epistle and his Reply.

Indeed! I would not advise you.

No! Why so, prithee?

It does not seem, to me, proper to print one's own eulogium.

Oh! do not fear; this is a well established custom. An Author may not only print, without scruple, verse and prose in his praise, but he may cite, in his preface, the agreeable things he has heard of himself; nay, if he has genius, may even invent some happy reply, which is commonly attributed to some person whom he protects, or some friend who is now no more. If these little freedoms were not permitted, how might such
brilliant

brilliant reputations, as are daily formed, be so soon acquired.

I confess, I scarcely can comprehend how an Author may discover such excessive vanity, without disgusting the public.

Well, and where is the harm?—The public is disgusted, and blames the Author who praises himself; but while he is blamed he is believed. The modest Author and the vain, are, equally, taken at their words. Be humble, and you will be thought just to your own abilities; dare boldly to praise yourself, and the world will be of your opinion; you will be called proud, but you will be admired.

If such be your opinion of the public, you can hardly be vain of its suffrage.—Wherefore do men of letters labour? Is it not to enlighten mankind? Is it not to merit the world's esteem and gratitude?

Such are the motives given in a preface; but surely thou art not simple enough to believe them. Men write to obtain a name, because celebrity leads to wealth: not to mention one is proud of the homage of the very fools one despises.—But let us return to my Epistle, how dost thou like it?

You seem to me too prodigal of praise.

How

How so? Is it possible to praise the Author of *Alzira*, *Mahomet*, and so many other dramatic master-pieces, too much?

Certainly not; there are no praises in this respect, which his genius does not justify; but you give him the title of Philosopher and Sage, which he never can deserve. Is he superior to the foibles which envy, hatred, and resentment produce? Is he even peaceable and happy?—He is benevolent—he makes a noble use of his riches—but he has defamed, he has blackened his enemies.

His writings breathe the very spirit of philosophy, and have produced a revolution which has——

Destroyed Religion, and corrupted Morality.

No man has better defended the rights of humanity.

You forget that he was preceded by *Fenelon*. You do not hold it possible, that an Author's sole design should be to benefit mankind.—Read *Telemachus*, once more; a work written to instruct Kings, and enlighten the world, and think better. I should be sorry for you, could you prefer the declamations and epigrams of Voltaire to such a sublime system of morality.

You may say what you please, but you will never rob Voltaire of the glory of having been the

first poet who spoke the language of reason and philosophy.

I am sorry you have not found the language of reason in the works of Boileau, and many other Authors.—But what think you of Pope? Is not he the Poet of Philosophy? What philosophic Piece has Voltaire ever produced, any way equal to the ESSAY ON MAN?

You will not, at least, deny that the abilities of Voltaire are astonishingly extensive, or that he has not a universal genius?

What do you mean by a universal genius?

A man who is superior in every species of Literature. I am willing to allow (between ourselves) that Voltaire is not what he has, perhaps, been too hastily called, the Conqueror of two Rivals who reigned over the Theatre; but what tragic author, of *this age*, can be called his equal?

None; not even the author of *Rhadamistus* and *Electra*. Crebillon, no doubt, had genius, but he has only written two pieces worthy the stage. Although Piron wrote *la Metromanie*, he must not be compared to Moliere; nor have those more reason, in my opinion, who would equal Crebillon to Voltaire.

What say you to his history?

His History of Charles XII. is an agreeable romance, and his Age of Louis XIV. dazzles the
VOL. IV. G imagination.

imagination. But are they written in the style of History? What can you say to a writer, who is always partial, always passionate, guided by the spirit of party, and unceasingly sacrificing reason, morality, and truth, to private views, personal interest, and a vain desire to shine?

You, no doubt, think his fugitive pieces detestable too.

No; some of them are charming; but he is here surpassed by *Gresset*, whose Verses, as witty as those of Voltaire, have a thousand times more sweetness and harmony; nor can you mention one fugitive piece, by the latter, which may justly be preferred to the *Chartreuse* (a), or *l'Épître sur la Convalescence* (b).

And you think nothing of Voltaire's gaiety?

What gaiety!—Deprive him of the desire to blacken, to avenge himself of, to ridicule, his enemies, and give him, in it's stead, reason, decency, and respect for religion, and you will rob him of all his pretended gaiety, which is only inspired by impiety, malignity, and a contempt for morals. He never knew the art of laughing with innocence; and his natural gaiety is so confined that, notwithstanding the superiority of his wit, he never attempted to be pleasant, without offence
to

(a) The Charter-house, or Carthusian Monastery.

(b) An Epistle on the King's recovery.

to religion and modesty, but he was dull. He has written the *Gardeuse de Cassette* (a);—and has given the stage *Un Fier en Fat* (b), and a *Madame de Croupillac*.

Oh! I give up his Comedies—Nay, his Operas—He has not succeeded in Lyric Poetry, I own. But what do you say to his *Henriade*?

That it contains fine passages, and that I should admire it, could I read it through without an effort.

If that work be not unequalled, you cannot deny but Voltaire has the merit of having written the only Epic Poem in our language.

And what think you is the reason? It is because Poets of genius have always preferred the writing of Tragedies. An Epic Poem demands deep study, and great length of time; and the glory which is acquired, by writing it, is rather durable than noisy; while the applauses, obtained on the Theatre, are more flattering, and more conducive to fortune. I willingly allow that a sublime Poem, such, for example, as *Paradise Lost*, is, of all others, a work which requires the most genius. But I must likewise think that, he who could write a good Tragedy might write as good a Poem as the *Henriade*.

(a) The Keeper of the Casket.

(b) A haughty Fool.

Well, but do not you admire the astonishing union of wit and science in Voltaire ?

Fontenelle was a man of wit, infinitely more learned than Voltaire (*a*) ; the latter will never be thought a great Mathematician, and he was a very bad experimental Philosopher ; he was ignorant of the first Elements of Chymistry, and every thing he said, on Natural History, is equally void of reason and truth, and demonstrative of his profound ignorance on that subject. He has spoken too on the Arts, but without loving or understanding them (*b*). Ask the Artists, and they will tell you, he had neither taste, discernment, nor knowledge of them. Hence it is very true that Voltaire has had the puerile and ambitious pretension to appear universal, when he was superior only in one species of writing. It seems to me, too, that his prose writings evidently prove he had but one manner, and that he could not vary his style with his subject. Was it History, a Novel, a Letter, it was all the same : his partizans called this surprizing uniformity, *the signature of Voltaire*, and think they praise him when they say, they can find

(*a*) M. de Fontenelle was a Member of the Academy of Sciences ; nobody yet ever thought of bestowing that honour on Voltaire.

(*b*) He, himself, has said, he did not taste the beauties of Painting and Music.

find him in a Billet, and cannot mistake his hand : they forgot he is only so sure to be found because he had but one manner ; and that, because, during sixty years, he continually repeated the same witticisms, and the same declamations. Montequieu has only written three works, and has each time had the happy art, which taste and genius alone may give, to change his tone, and seize the style best suited to his different subjects. No one can say, they find, in the Temple of Gnidus, the *signature* of the author of the Spirit of Laws ; though, it is certain that, in Zadig, you cannot mistake the hand which traced the Universal History. May a man pretend to universal genius, because he gives a different title to each volume he writes ? Certainly not. A multitude of volumes will but discover such pretensions to be ill founded ; while, on the contrary, one sole work may display a wonderful variety of talents. The illustrious Author of *The History of Nature*, M. de Buffon, has proved that one man may unite vast knowledge, a brilliant imagination, and the enchanting art of painting and describing, with equal superiority, the affecting, the awful, the majestic, and the terrible. In his work we find the most perfect examples and varieties of eloquence ; Poet, Painter, profound Metaphysician, sublime Philosopher ; each, in turn : his pliant and extensive

genius embraces, and adapts-itself to all. It gives, with the same facility, the most delicate touches to the shortest details, while it conceives a plan the most extensive and vast ; no French writer ever better understood his own language ; none ever joined so much precision with so much eloquence, or was equally correct and equally brilliant.

We are agreed on that head, replied Damoville ; nay, I confess, I have always thought that an Author, who is superior in one branch of literature, might easily write, successfully, at least, in various others.

Nothing can be more true, replied Luzincourt. If, for example, Racine had lived as long as Voltaire, with the same desire of being thought a universal genius, can it be doubted that the Author of *Athalie* and *Britannicus* would have written History in a sublime style ? He, who knew so well the human heart, who painted, with so much strength and truth, the passion and jealousy of *Phædra* and *Roxana* ; the matrimonial tenderness of *Clytemnestra* ; the affecting love of *Berenice* ; the fury of *Hermione* ; could not he have written an interesting Novel, or a sentimental Comedy, equal to *Nanine*, *L'Escoffoise*, and *Charlot*, think you ? The tender, the elegant Racine, had he written Operas, would he have been inferior to Quinault ?

Quinault? He possessed the difficult art of criticising, with taste, and of delicate raillery. He has left us some letters, in which we find all the soft, all the witty and satirical irony, which gave so just a reputation to the *Lettres Provinciales*; and as to gaiety, real and frank gaiety, who shall dispute it with the author of the *Plaideurs*? What then shall we say to the great Corneille, first Sovereign and true Legislator of the Theatre; he who created the two species worthy to illustrate and reign over the stage, Tragedy and Comedy (a)? He has ravished from Moliere the glory of giving his nation the first good characteristic Comedy; and, when Racine appeared, France was in possession of all the great works of Corneille (b).

To

(a) And even the heroic Comedy, likewise: Don Sancho of Aragon, is the first piece that was written of the kind; and it ought to be remarked, too, that Corneille succeeded, to perfection, in Lyric Poetry.

(b) M. de Fontenelle has observed, Corneille had no preceding Author to guide him, but that Racine had Corneille: if this creates an immense distance between Corneille and Racine, what must it do in the case of Voltaire, who had both Racine and Corneille? Neither has he neglected to profit by their works, as much as possible; he has taken a great number of lines from them both; has imitated their characters, their situations, and their very subjects. Thus, it is to Polyeucte we owe the Orphan of

To speak truth, replied Damoville, I am partly of thy opinion ; it is not possible, in reality, to compare Voltaire to Corneille and Racine ; but the former has had the art to raise a party in his favour, which cannot at present be withstood ; besides that, by the freedom and frivolity of his writings, he has seduced the world in general, and we must swim with the stream.

Do you believe that Reputation, acquired by cabal and intrigue, can be lasting ?

It is the soonest established, which is the thing most essential. Life is short, its duration uncertain, and extravagance only would patiently expect a desired blessing, which activity and address might presently obtain.

But

China. In *Polyeucte*, Pauline relates how she once loved Severus ; but he, being then poor, was rejected by her parents, who forced her to marry Polyeucte ; that she, since, has become fond of, and truly attached to, her husband ; and that she is greatly distressed lest Severus, now become powerful, should revenge himself on Polyeucte. Idamé, in the *Orphan of China*, says exactly the same thing. Gengiskan, formerly the obscure Temugin, was rejected by her parents ; he now returns, armed with power, and she is in the utmost fear for her spouse, &c. Many like examples, equally striking, might be cited ; and, for the satisfaction of youth, we shall some time enter more fully into these sort of subjects.

But what is this desired blessing?

Personal respect, honours and wealth.

What do you call personal respect?

I wish to be one of the heads of the prevailing Party: to have Friends, Partisans, Puffers, Dependents, Enemies.

Wish to have enemies?

No doubt—It is necessary to have a right to say in Society, or in a Preface, *my Enemies*; they are useful to a man of letters, and give him an opportunity, whenever he thinks proper, to interest the world in his behalf, by calling himself a persecuted man; and artfully hinting, that he is only hated because he is envied. I own the thought has been hacknied a little, but, yet, so happy a one, that it still retains its former force, and is every day repeated with the same success. In short, there are a thousand circumstances under which our enemies may be called our best friends. A Poem not read, a Comedy damped, or any like disgrace, may be laid to their charge, *it is all the effect of party*.

You would only shine then for a moment?

I trouble not myself about Reputation after I am dead. An opposite conduct might, perhaps, better obtain the praises of posterity; but I set little value on such praise, give me present enjoyment. I am of those who, by a calculation somewhat selfish,

but most philosophic, wish to be rich while they live, and who would not hesitate to purchase a mere Life-annuity. I neither love nor esteem men sufficiently to form the romantic project of existing for their sakes; and they treat those infinitely better by whom they are amused, nay deceived, than those by whom they are instructed.

The writer who wearies his Readers is always in the wrong; truth should ever wear an agreeable dress; but feeling can embellish, can soften, the austerity of morals, and give charms to the lessons of wisdom.

Yes; and the world will then think lightly of the Moralist, will place him in the class of Novel Writers.

If they place him by the side of Richardson, the Author may console himself.

To appear profound in the eye of the public, you ought to be dull.

But you will not be read.

But you will be admired; and a single work, of this kind, is enough to establish a reputation.

You are joking to be sure.

I never was more serious. I will give you an unanswerable proof.—We are alone, and I can depend on thy discretion.

Whither does this preamble lead?

I

Shouldst

Shouldst thou reveal what I am going to confide to thee, I should lose my Protectors, my Friends, and all my hopes, beyond retrieving.

I need not make protestations, Damoville.

Well then, there is a little work so singularly cold, so dreadfully dull, that it is impossible to have the fortitude to read it through in one day, though it is not above sixty pages; not but it has some rationality, and a few ingenious ideas; but its style is so heavy, so diffuse, so incorrect, so destitute of purity, feeling, and elegance, that it does not contain a single passage worthy of citation, and yet it is in the highest vogue; but why, because the Author has many friends who have puffed and cried up this production. After all the praises they have heard of it, nobody dare own how intolerably insipid they found it; but every one repeats, by rote, *It is a wonderful production*; those even who never went farther than the first page, and who know nothing more of it than its title, do not fail to confirm this judgment; and thus it is that these Echoes of Echoes, by a repetition of the same sound, confer universal fame. This is the reason, my Friend, why I give into intrigue and party spirit, and why I so highly esteem the praises of the Philosopher of Ferney.

Can such praises give pleasure? Has he not lavished them all the days of his life, on medi-

cricity? Could ever he resolve to give Genius it's due? Recollect his notes upon Corneille, which we read together at Rheims with so much indignation. Remember what he has said of Crebillon, Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, Boileau, and La Fontaine (a). Knowest thou not his reiterated attempts, in prose and verse, to diminish the glory of the Author of *Telemachus*? Art thou ignorant of his hatred of Montesquieu, and how often he has attacked his works? Or wouldst thou dare affirm, in his presence, that Jean-Jaques Rousseau was a man of genius? Hast thou not read that horrid Libel, that shameful Monument of the blackest, the meanest envy——

Nay, be calm, my good friend: I am perfectly acquainted with all this. But what then? I am unknown, I want support; his protection is not only useful but absolutely necessary, and must, if possible, be obtained. Besides, you cannot suppose but that people of superior merit may be found among his most zealous Partisans.

Most certainly, I could name several.

Well, I shall deserve a place in this small class.

But

(a) See the notes to Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV. La Fontaine, he says, has but one sole charm, that of being unaffected, natural. (*Celui du naturel*).

But Voltaire is eighty years old ; and shall not this party, the authority of which thou seemest to revere, which has but a moment to exist, and which has already lost much of its weight, shall it not die with it's chief ?

Darnay entered the chamber as Luzincourt was speaking, which put an end to a conversation that gave birth to the most melancholy reflections, in the breast of Luzincourt, concerning the character of his friend.

Damoville returned, some days after this, and proposed to present Luzincourt, where the best company in Paris, as he said, assembled every evening. The mistress of the house, added he, is an old dowager, the widow of a Financier ; she is said to have been celebrated in her youth for some dozen adventures, rather of the scandalous than the romantic kind ; but now, returned to reason and society, she lives, philosophically, in the happy calm of the passions. The remembrance she preserves, of her ancient errors, gives her an indulgence, towards the wanderings of youth, which it is impossible to carry further ; nobody can be more tolerant ; therefore, as a debt of just gratitude, others readily overlook her unbounded love of Pharaoh, and a few tricking liberties, which, to be sure, she rather too often permits herself to take.

And

And does this woman see the best company of Paris, sayest thou?

Certainly she does; she has a good house, and keeps an excellent table, and what could you wish for more?

I have heard there are women almost as contemptible as her you have described, who have not been excluded society; but then I always understood they were women of high birth, and supposed that, out of respect to an illustrious family, it was possible the world might not do itself justice on such a kind of person, when she happens to possess great wealth, wit, and agreeable manners.

Pshaw, my dear Luzincourt, the world is not so nice. Madame de Surval is fifty-five years of age, talkative, tiresome, and without common sense, and yet thou shalt meet *all France* at her house. Shall I take thee thither this evening?

You cannot please me more. I have a strong desire to see and know the world; though I am sensible of my awkwardness and timidity, and how ignorant I am of its customs.

Read, attentively, the works of the younger Crebillon. I acknowledge they are contemptible, but they have one inestimable merit, they contain a true picture of fashionable life.

I cannot believe it; I do not know the world, but, good sense tells me, it is impossible vice should
dare

dare so impudently to shew itself with impunity; it can only be tolerated when it is disguised; no man may seduce every woman he meets, by openly discovering a perverse mind, and the grossest stupidity; nor can I imagine, that self-sufficiency, and ill-bred familiarity, are the manners of fashionable people.

But how does it happen thy prejudices do not vanish, when thou seest that almost all Authors, who have described the fashionable world, agree with Crebillon? Thou thinkest highly, for example, of the Moral Tales of Marmontel.

I do; but, in my opinion, they are far from being all *moral*. The Author himself, in his preface, owns, that Lausus and Lydia, the Shepherdess of the Alps, Annette and Lubin, and the Marriages of the Samnites, are not moral Tales; nor do I think that By Good Luck, is more moral; nay, I own, I cannot see the moral purposes of the Scruple, the Sylph-Husband, Soliman II. and Friendship put to the Test; nothing, I think, can be less moral than that of Alcibiades, Lauretta, and the Four Phials.

I own the descriptions, in these Tales, are somewhat lively, and possess more spirit than decency; but the question is not whether the title and the work correspond, it is to know whether
the

the Author agrees with Crebillon in his Picture of the World.

But who pretends to deny that the general conversations, the scenes of fashionable life, the phrases of the characters in *Les Egaremens du Cœur & de L'Esprit* (a), have the most striking similarity with pictures of the same kind, drawn in the Moral Tales?

Well, and thou wilt not deny that it is universally acknowledged the Moral Tales present a true picture of manners?

Universally acknowledged! I know not that. I know it is not doubted in the country; but the opinion of fashionable people must decide on this subject.

Marmontel is worthy of the best company.

He is so; but Crebillon never lived among fashionable people; how then could he know their manners? Is it not, therefore, rational to conclude that the Author of the Moral Tales has, in this instance, been contented to imitate, instead of copying after nature,

The most convincing argument will be to shew thee the world, and thou wilt then soon change thy opinion.

If the world, thou speakest of, be such as it is described in these works, I shall soon quit it; shall

(a) The Wanderings of the Heart and Mind.

think it unworthy the trouble of studying: not to mention, if its characters be thus grossly ridiculous and vicious, it need no great sagacity to quickly understand it.

Damoville took Luzincourt the same evening to the house of Madame de Surval; there was much company and much play, the visit was short, and Luzincourt saw nothing remarkable. Curiosity soon brought him there again, and, to oblige Damoville, Madame de Surval often invited him to stay supper; during which time, he had an opportunity of observing scenes which, to him, were totally new. His surprize, indeed, was extreme, when he found that the Authors, whom he had accused of not knowing the world, had given but a too faithful Picture, though with strong touches, of what he now saw.

Among the ladies who visited Madame de Surval, there were three or four of families sufficiently distinguished to be generally known, and these appeared intimately acquainted with the rest.

As to the men, Luzincourt often met men eminent for their birth, titles, and employments; wherefore, he could not doubt that the society, in which he was, must be what is called *Good Company*.

The success of Damoville, in this Society, was prodigious; especially among the ladies. He
made

made Verses, Extempores, Impromptus, spoke with confidence, and totally eclipsed Luzincourt, who began to shake off his timidity, but not his reserve.

Among the many who frequented this house, Luzincourt distinguished a man who appeared evidently superior to the rest; and who likewise, on his part, knew how to estimate Luzincourt. He was called the Viscount de Valrive, was about four or five and thirty, had an interesting and intelligent countenance, a noble air, a cool politeness, and conversed with ease and understanding. Luzincourt easily perceived the particular reason which brought him to the house of Madame de Surval: he was in love with a lady named Madame d'Herblay.

Luzincourt observed, in the conduct of the Viscount, something unaccountably odd; he was continually changing his manner: with Luzincourt and two or three more, who came there but seldom, he was amiable and communicative, and discovered equal wit and good understanding; with a great number of others he was cold and silent; and when he spoke to the women, he instantly became trifling, familiar, and ironical; especially when he addressed himself to the lady, concerning whom he seemed most interested.

Not-

Notwithstanding this apparent inconsistency, Luzincourt found his secret inclinations for the Viscount strengthen daily in his heart, and daily increase; their sympathy was mutual, though Luzincourt had never yet had any occasion of conversing with the Viscount at his ease; that is to say, without others mixing in the conversation. Chance, at last, gave him the opportunity he wished; the Viscount one evening would not sup, and Luzincourt remained alone with him, while the company sat down to table.

I am quite happy, said the Viscount, to have an hour's conversation with you. You have interested my heart in your behalf; permit me to ask you a few questions. I need not demand what profession in life you intend to follow; that you love Literature, and cultivate the Belles Lettres with success, is evident; but wherefore do you come here?

I wish to study, to know, the world.

That study can only be interesting in good company, which you certainly cannot find here.

How so? Do I not find you here?

Men of my age, may, without danger, permit themselves these little liberties; the motives of coming here must be either curiosity, a passion for play, idleness, or some momentary whim;
and

and it is for this reason you sometimes meet men of fashion here.

But what brings the women?

The women! Not one, who comes here, would be admitted in good company.

And yet there are three or four whose births might entitle them to that honour.

And did, in their early youth; but they have long been banished; a husband, justly irritated, has two modes of punishing a guilty wife; he can shut her up in a convent, or come to a public separation. In the latter case, he delivers her up to the justice of Society, which never fails to reject her, especially if she does not find, in an illustrious and respected family, some very zealous protectors. In this case, if the unfortunate wife has any feeling left, she flies into some distant province, and there conceals her shame and sorrow; but if her passions, while they lead her astray, have debased her mind, she then remains at Paris, audaciously braves public contempt, and renders herself completely odious, by exciting the indignation and hatred which effrontery and avowed wickedness always inspire. She must see Company, however, and she wishes it should be numerous, select it cannot be; she, therefore, unites with all the women, who have, like her, been excluded Good Company, and with many others, who never had admission

to

to it; and thus she passes her life, in three or four houses similar to this we are in; falls into the established manners, and endeavours to distinguish herself by malignity, equal to the badness of her morals, to revenge herself of the circles in which she is proscribed; her calumnies cost her nothing, and she would persuade the world that the women, who refuse her acquaintance, are as contemptible as herself. Thus she defames every woman, without distinction, or the appearance of probability.

And so then, cried Luzincourt, with an air of the utmost satisfaction, I am, at present, in very bad company.

You are indeed, replied the Viscount, laughing; nor do you seem to be sorry at the discovery.

Sorry! I am transported!—And the works, which we country folks suppose to be a picture of life and manners, paint only what is to be seen here.

Merely so; but look, yonder is a volume of Marmontel's Tales, let us read a description or two of this kind, and I am sure you will find he has exaggerated, even after what you have here observed.

The Viscount took the book, opened it at a venture, and said, Ay, here is the Good Mother: This tale is one of those in which there is most character and description of the world. Do you recollect the subject?

Very

Very confusedly.

It is a tender and virtuous mother, dedicating herself to the education of her daughter. Two persons pretend to the honour of being Emily's husband; the one is a man of prudence and understanding, the other a Coxcomb, who loses no opportunity of speaking, without disguise, his mean and unnatural sentiments, or of shewing his contempt of morals and decency. The Author calls this odious and ridiculous person, *The dangerous Verglan*, and, without giving this character the trouble of feigning a passion he does not feel, makes him beloved by the modest and sensible Emily; the mother easily discovers her daughter's secret; but, certain that Emily will in time despise Verglan, she continues to grant him admission to her house. Let us read a passage.

“ The arrangement of Count d'Auberive, with
 “ his Lady, was at that time the town-talk; it was
 “ said that, after a very sharp quarrel, and bitter
 “ complaints, on both sides, of mutual infidelity,
 “ they ended, by owning neither of them were
 “ indebted to the other, and laughing at their
 “ folly for having fallen out, and been jealous
 “ without being in love; that the Count had
 “ consented to let his wife retain the Chevalier
 “ de Clange as her lover; and she, on her part,
 “ promised to receive the Marchioness de Talbe,
 “ to

“ to whom her husband paid his addresſes, with
 “ all the cordiality poſſible ; that peace had thus
 “ been ratified over a ſupper, and that, being all
 “ come to a *right underſtanding*, never were ſeen
 “ two happier pair of lovers.—Verglan, at
 “ hearing this recital, exclaimed, nothing could
 “ be more prudent.”

It is proper to remark, ſaid the Viſcount, interrupting himſelf, that Emily is preſent, and does not loſe a word of this converſation ; and likewise to inform you that, among good company, this never could happen to a young unmarried woman. No mother would ſuffer a converſation ſo ſcandalous before her daughter, nor could the moſt inconfiderate or depraved man be tempted to forget the reſpect due to youth and innocence. This, therefore, is abſolutely contrary to our manners : nor does the ſtory of Auberive depict them better. We find eaſy huſbands in the world, who know their diſgrace, yet ſeem not to regard it ; but there is no example to be found, like what the Author of the Moral Tales calls the *arrangement* of the Marquis of Auberive with his lady, or of huſband and wife conſiding their mutual infidelities to each other, ending their jealous quarrels by laughing at their folly, ratifying peace over a ſupper, and coming to a *right underſtanding* in preſence of the miſtreſs and gallant. Such a picture

ture is as chimerical as it is disgusting; the world may be brought to pardon those who go astray, but never those who debase themselves; deliberate indecency, and total neglect of propriety, is a wrong that never can be repaired.

But let us pursue the conduct of the story. Verglan, during a long conversation, continues to maintain that Auberive has acted very wisely; says that, formerly, a husband became the ridiculous object of public contempt at madam's first false step; approves the present manners, makes an eulogium on perjury and adultery, and concludes by saying, it is these manners that make him desirous of being married.

His rival, Belzor, opposes such opinions with feeling and understanding. Emily listens, and her mother now and then throws in a reflection. At length the Marquis of Auberive is announced, and just at this place let us read another page.

" Ah, Marquis, thou art come quite a-propos, said Verglan. Prithee tell us, is this story true?
 " These good folks here pretend that thy wife
 " has given thee rhubarb, and thou hast sent
 " back senna.

" Pshaw! nonsense! said Auberive, indolently.

" I affirm nothing would be more prudent than
 " thy conduct, continued Verglan; but Belzor
 " condemns thee without appeal——

“ Why so? Would not he have done the same?
 “ My wife is young, handsome, and coquettish;
 “ is that any miracle? I have no doubt but she is
 “ a very good kind of a woman in her heart, but,
 “ were she not quite so much so as she is, justice
 “ should take place. Hitherto I have received
 “ nothing but applauses from my friends: no-
 “ thing can be more natural than my proceedings
 “ in this affair, and yet every body praises me, as
 “ though it contained something wonderful! For
 “ my part, I imagine they did not give me credit
 “ for that much good sense.

“ Pray how does the Marchioness? said Madame
 “ du Troëne, (the mother of Emily) purposely to
 “ change the subject of conversation.

“ I warrant, continued Verglan, thou wilt some
 “ time or another become fond of her again.

“ Faith, I think that probable enough.—It
 “ was but yesterday, after dinner, I detected my-
 “ self saying civil things to her.”

Really, interrupted Luzincourt, this is incre-
 dible.

Tell me, said the Viscount, have you ever heard
 any thing like it in this house?

Never! This sort of effrontery is beyond all
 bounds of probability.

Recollect, too, that this passes in the presence of
 an unmarried young lady, and a mother of most

excellent morals.—All this does not open the eyes of Emily: “her heart excuses, in Verglan, “the error of falling into the manners of the age.” She goes with her mother to the Theatre, the play is *Ines & Nanine*. Belzor melts into tears, Verglan laughs at his sensibility. As they go out, they meet with a Chevalier Dolcet in deep mourning: he is left heir to an *old Uncle*, and Verglan *gives him joy* of his ten thousand crowns a year; unwilling to let slip so favourable an opportunity of shewing the badness of his heart, and baseness of his principles. Emily is still a witness, and still in love. In the evening she looks on at a party of *Trictrac*; Verglan is the worst of bad players; Belzor has all the ease and generosity possible; Emily sighs and says, “I admire “the one, but I love the other.”

On the morrow Madame de Troëne was walking in the Tuileries with her daughter, where she found Verglan, with whom she entered into conversation. Let us read the passage.

“The beauteous Nymphs, who, by their charms
 “and accomplishments, attract the young Desires
 “who follow their foot-steps, were assembled
 “in the grand walk. Verglan knew them all,
 “and smiled as he cast his eyes around. Yonder,
 “said he, is Fatima. How passionate she is! How
 “affectionate! She lives perfectly well with
 “Cleon;

“ Cleon; he has given her twenty thousand
 “ crowns within these six months, and they love
 “ like two turtles.—Look, this is the cele-
 “ brated Corinna, her house is the Temple of
 “ Luxury; not a woman in Paris gives such
 “ elegant suppers, and she does the honours of
 “ her table with the most enchanting grace.—
 “ Do you see the blue-eyed girl that has just
 “ passed us? Observe her modest air.—She
 “ has three lovers.—Her career will be bril-
 “ liant, as I have told her.

“ You are one of her confidants then, said
 “ Madame du Troëne?

“ O yes: they know me, they are very sure
 “ they cannot impose upon me, and therefore
 “ never attempt to dissemble.”

How is it possible to suppose, said Luzincourt,
 that a man could carry on a conversation like this,
 in the presence of a young lady he is going to
 marry?

Ay, or in the presence of any well-bred woman
 of fifty; yet Madam du Troëne takes Verglan
 home to supper. In the evening she receives a
 visit from a young widow, who speaks in a most
 affecting manner of the virtues of her late husband.
 Verglan ridicules her grief, and advises her to
 take a handsome fellow. Emily at last overcomes
 her inclination for Verglan, and marries Belzor.

And this, said Luzincourt, is what is called, in the country, a picture of life and manners; this too is the reason we find, in large country towns, so many young men who affect the airs of Verglan, thinking they imitate a man of fashion; a man who has undone so many fine women. They imagine they shall be very dangerous fellows, if they can but imitate such extravagancies, and become sufficiently corrupt in their morals.

Add to which, returned the Viscount, when a young man, thus spoilt, comes to Paris, and is introduced into good company, he is so ill received, and so totally out of his element, that he cannot remain there long; he seeks other Society, where he finds himself more supportable, and there he fixes. Thus a fool, by reading works like these, becomes the imitator of a rascal upon system; and thus weak people, who are easily seduced, lose, in part, their good principles, by imagining they may give way to their passions, and openly despise law, decency, and good morals with impunity; and thus, lastly, the virtuous and feeling mind, by adopting this error, will detest and fly the world; and, though formed for society, will become a morose Misanthrope.

Authors, who thus, through ignorance, have calumniated mankind, must have made themselves many enemies.

Not

Not in the least: no one acknowledges the portraits they have drawn; no one is hurt by them. Fenelon painted the Court, his picture was faithful, his likenesses exact, allusions were imagined, applications made, and the Author of *Telemachus* was hated.

To return to the Moral Tales: you see how necessary it is to undeceive those, who imagine they contain a picture of our manners.

The work, which should correct this mistake, would certainly be very useful (a). A man of fashion only could be capable of the task.

If ever I write, I shall suppose it my duty; it will be exceedingly painful to me to find fault with so estimable an Author, but I shall dare to speak thus to him: I write for the benefit of youth, must I leave them in so dangerous an error? I feel your abilities infinitely superior to mine, but permit me to say, I know the manners of the polite world better than you.—The Moral Tales, however, have been written these twenty years; the Author

(a) And the more so because Foreigners judge of the French from these Pictures, which give them the most false and injurious ideas of our morals and opinions; the English only treat us so ill, in the greatest part of their works, because they copy French Authors; and it is for this reason they represent the French Fops in so ridiculous and extravagant a manner.

has gained experience, and might easily correct, in a new edition, these defects, and render a work totally good, which is so very excellent in many of its parts.

As the Viscount ended, every body returned to the Saloon, and the conversation became general.

The Viscount, desirous of forming a stricter intimacy with Luzincourt, invited him to his house. A mutual confidence was soon established. Luzincourt informed the Viscount of his projects, and read him some Manuscripts, and the Viscount confessed to Luzincourt he was not happy. This avowal made the latter melancholy.—I do not deserve your pity, said the Viscount; I possess all the advantages man could wish, but, by a fatal caprice, cannot enjoy them. I am frequently discontented, idle, weary of myself, of every thing; yet I have a feeling heart, a family and friends; I love the best of mothers, an amiable and virtuous brother, and a charming sister-in-law. The truth is, I am in love, seriously and really, and have been these five years.

Is it possible! cried Luzincourt, that Madam d'Herblay could inspire——

Is it possible, interrupted the Viscount, smiling, you could imagine I alluded to her?

If

If not, how can you reconcile your attentions to her to your love for another?

Do you suppose love excludes gallantry?

Undoubtedly.

Look there now!—You believe in what has no existence among people of fashion.

Then people of fashion do not love.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a visiter.

The Viscount introduced Luzincourt at the houses of his mother and his brother, where he was received with every civility and respect; his mildness, reserve, and the agreeable simplicity of his conversation, procured him, here, the same success which Damoville enjoyed in his own Society; he was soon admitted as one of the family, and treated as a friend of the house.

The thing which first struck him was the remarkable change in the manners of the Viscount, especially to the ladies. Luzincourt no longer knew, in the gentle, the attentive, and the respectful behaviour of the Viscount, when at the house of his sister the Countess de Valrive, the man he had thought so full of levity, so satirical, and unguarded, at Madam de Surval's. Madam de Valrive received company, almost every evening, from six to ten. A delicate state of health kept her at home, but she loved society,

was amiable, and in fashion, and had a numerous acquaintance.

Luzincourt listened and observed in silence, and went, every morning, to acquaint the Viscount with what he had observed on the overnight. Hitherto, said he, I am enchanted with all I have seen; what a difference, between the people here and at Madam de Surval's! The visitors of Madame de Valrive seem to me all amiable, obliging, and witty; their conversations are generally trifling, yet have a charm which I know not how to describe; each speaks with ease and grace, and gives the most common compliments an agreeable turn. When conversation becomes particular, I do not find it instructive; it wants solidity, perhaps, but what gentleness! What decency! What respect in the eyes of each! And what a happy choice of words! Discussion never degenerates into dispute; self-love never takes offence, is never seen, except by its desire to please; it is discovered only by its attractions; it seems capable of being flattered and satisfied, but not of being wounded.

Hence said the Viscount, smiling, every body seems to possess wit, but cite me an example.

I own I cannot, replied Luzincourt; all I hear pleases me; but, when I would recollect what it is, I am surprized to find nothing remarkable.

Such

Such is the effect of good breeding ; it is that which produces these seductive illusions. You have pronounced the panegyric, not of the personal merit of those you have seen, but of what is justly called politeness, and elegance of manners. To possess such advantages, you must have an obliging and delicate attention to all ; must carefully conceal and repress the emotions of vanity ; must never betray a meanness of sentiment, or badness of heart ; but must always shew the utmost decency, mildness, complaisance, and reserve, a taste for innocent amusements, and a love of virtue. Such is the exterior absolutely necessary in good company. I am sorry it should be so often deceitful ; but it is the best eulogium on virtue, to find no person can be amiable, who does not assume her language and her form.

While Luzincourt thus observed the world, and communicated to his new friend his reflections and remarks, Damoville continued to divide his time between the Society of Madame de Surval, and that of the Men of Letters, by whom he was protected.

Luzincourt, however, desirous he should better know the world, obtained permission to present him to Madam de Valrive ; where Damoville, desirous of shining, spoke a great deal ; and, as his defects were easily seen, he was but coldly received.

He told Luzincourt that Madam de Valrive was insipid and prudish ; that her visitors were all deficient in understanding ; and determined, in spite of the exhortations and advice of Luzincourt, never to return to so dull a house.

Damoville, a few days after, invited Luzincourt to a dinner he gave, to eight or ten of the Literati. They talked a deal, and did not rise from table till five o'clock, when they all took leave of Damoville. As soon as Luzincourt and Damoville were alone, the former was asked how he liked the conversation.

You began, answered Luzincourt, by reciprocally praising one another ; you afterwards proceeded to your enemies, on whom you had little mercy ; then followed dissertations, citations, and disputations ; but you did not converse ; each spoke for himself, and pronounced his own ideas without troubling himself about those of others ; you neither knew, attended to, nor displayed each other's abilities ; you were either absent or impatient when not speaking ; you only thought of what you should say next, and heard not half of what another said to you : if any one told a good story, you could not enjoy it, because you were busy in endeavouring to recollect another ; and you seemed assembled but to surpass or suspect each other, and not to amuse or instruct : you all had one whimsical

fical kind of madness, which was to give the conversation such a turn as might introduce a joke, or a bon mot, which you had by rote. Most of these bon mots, too, were to the glory of Men of Letters, or Anecdotes concerning Men of Letters, for you thought only of yourselves. These short quotations, thus multiplied, became wearisome, and those who listened seldom enjoyed the satisfaction of him who related; neither do they contain much instruction, but made your conversation resemble those insipid books which are filled with Anecdotes and Repartees, compiled without care, and collected without choice; which may amuse for a moment, but which it is impossible to read through; and in which there is nothing agreeable or witty that every body does not know.

The remarks of Luzincourt did not vex Damoville; not yet become an Author, Damoville considered him as a person of no consequence: his frankness amused him, and he laughed at what he called his frigidity.

Luzincourt continued with the same assiduity to visit Madam de Valrive; the latter, having great confidence in Luzincourt, gave him to understand she was not happy, though she had a considerable fortune, an amiable and good husband, relations whom she loved, and children that were her delight.

But her health was bad; the diversions of the town were no longer amusing; visitors fatigued her; she was weary of home; and she had neither the power nor desire to go abroad.

Alarmed at the languid state in which he saw her, Luzincourt secretly interrogated her Physician.—Madam de Valrive is at a *crisis*, said the latter, and she may continue thus for some time.

Of what kind?

I will inform you. The ladies of Paris have fallen into a set of habits, especially within these fifteen years, which naturally produce all the complaints of Madam de Valrive. Balls, *Train-eaus* (a), and Tea, have destroyed a prodigious number.

But dancing is as healthy as it is agreeable. —

Yes, when used with moderation; excess of any thing is pernicious. And, however healthy it may be to dance in the open air, on a village-green, it is far otherwise to dance all night, in a suffocating Ball-room, by candle-light.

But what fault do you find with taking an airing in a *Traineau*?

I affirm, this exercise can only be healthy to those who pass the winter at their country-seats.

And why so, Sir?

Because

(a) *A kind of winter carriage like a sledge, in imitation of an exercise very common in Russia, and the North. T.*

Because they are accustomed to the impressions of the open air; they go abroad on foot, while the ladies here are continually shut up either in their chambers, their close carriages, or their still closer boxes at the Opera, to which cold air is inaccessible. Besides, if they rode out in their *Traineau* in the country, they would not go for mere parade, and in parties, which a severe sensation of cold would not permit them to break up. Here, on the contrary, if a young lady has once entered the cavalcade, she cannot think of quitting it, because she feels herself getting cold, or finds symptoms of a sore throat. Nothing can stop her, away she goes, and returns seriously ill of a cold, which she will neglect in favour of a new party. Her lungs are next attacked, and she sacrifices her life to the pleasure of being dragged up and down the streets of Paris, dying with cold, the tears in her eyes, her cheeks blue, her nose red, her body crippled, her ears stunned with the discordant jingle of a thousand bells, and conversing with her fellow-traveller, on whom she turns her back, and by whom she can scarcely be heard.

As to Tea, it is generally acknowledged that the continual use of it is very dangerous; yet ladies live chiefly on Tea, Coffee, Cream, Butter, and Cakes. Is it wonderful then the stomach
should

should lose its powers, or the lungs and nerves become affected? Therefore it is that their youth and beauty are lost so soon. At five or six and twenty their constitution declines, and numbers perish at that age; then, too, they leave off dancing, they cannot support the fatigue, nor sit up all night. If the principles of life are exhausted, they sink to the grave, if not, sleep and rest retrieve them. This is the reason why twenty-six is so dangerous an epocha to the Parisian ladies. Madam de Valrive is past it, she is thirty-six, and yet she is at a very critical period.

How does that happen?

Thirty-six is the age when thoughtless ladies become weary of all the pleasures the world can afford: disgust and lassitude produce idleness and vapours: they stay at home, and are miserable; for what can become of those who have no rational amusement, and hate reading? They declare themselves Valetudinarians; the Physician is sent for, to whom they speak of nothing but themselves, for this is the only pleasure that remains. Therefore it is that so many Physicians and Directors are seen to succeed the Lovers, who have fled.

At length, unable to shine, to attract, or interest the affections of others, they keep their rooms; part of the day is spent in solitude, and absolute idleness gives time to think. This situation,

tion, say they, cannot endure for ever, we must sooner or later be cured, and quit our couches. What is to be done then? Operas, Balls, Visits, have no charms. They have even lost the love of dress; flowers and feathers are forbidden, and diamonds are out of fashion. What must become of them?

Some choice, however, must be made, and three things naturally present themselves to the mind; the lady must become either a Wit, a Gamester, or a Philosopher; how to chuse is the difficulty. Madam de Valrive is at this point, she hesitates, considers, is melancholy and very uneasy in her mind, nor can her health be established till she determines.

With such a kind of illness, it seems to me, Sir, she might do as well without the medicines you so continually order her to take.

What am I to do? I have told her she is not ill, she persists in affirming she is dying; I must not contradict her beyond a certain degree.

Why do you not quit her?

That would be worse still; she would go and be electrified, or take some other whim equally dangerous. There is nothing which an idle woman, weary of every thing, bitterly regretting her youth and beauty, and desirous that the world should busy itself about her, is not capable of doing.

ing. Formerly women had a thousand trifling and innocent ways of drawing attention ; they were afraid of Spiders, screamed at a Mouse, and shuddered at the sight of two cross knives ; but such follies are out of fashion. Philosophy will no longer permit such foibles, such childish superstitions ; knowledge is extended, and such tricks rejected ; faintings and convulsions have succeeded to these wretched arts ; and people, pretending to be enlightened by science, disdain the simple remedies of ancient Pharmacy: imagining themselves adepts in the miraculous properties and virtues of Magnetism and Electricity, they will not, as you may well suppose, undergo the restraints of regimen, or drink calves jelly.

Luzincourt could make no answer to such reasons ; he found the Doctor did not want sense, and was not amazed at his knowledge of women ; he naturally acquired it by the duties of his profession. Men never send for Physicians but when they are really ill. Women always want their advice when they are idle or ill-humoured, and that is generally above half their lives.

Thus instructed, Luzincourt profited by the confidence which Madam de Valrive reposed in him, to give her some salutary advice ; but he found, at last, she was absolutely deficient in understanding ; that grace and ease, which a knowledge of the world had given, had so far seduced Luzincourt

that he had believed Madam de Valrive equally witty and amiable. He learnt, with surprize, she was void of religious principles ; she confessed as much, or, to speak more properly, vaunted of it ; he saw she intended, by this confession, to give him a high idea of the strength of her mind, and she cited the works which, as she said, had delivered her from the prejudices of her youth. May I dare to ask, madam, replied Luzincourt, if you are more happy at present ?

Such prejudices are very inconvenient.

But are you not subject to the same decorum ?

Undoubtedly that must be scrupulously observed, because of the consequences.

Therefore you fulfil all the exterior duties of religion ?

These may not be dispensed with, especially as I am the mother of a family.

Yet believe none of them !——How tired you must be of them !

You cannot imagine how much.

If you were not a *Philosopher*, you would observe with zeal and pleasure these same duties, which are now so painful. What then do you gain by rejecting prejudices, as you were pleased to call them ? Since decorums must be observed, it is now that you are truly a slave, for your actions and conduct have no alliance with your sentiments.

You

You are right ; and one is really often very much to be pitied, for having more knowledge than other people.

Are you certain, madam, of knowing the truth ? I have cited the works I have read.

You have no doubt read the refutations to these works.

Why should I ? I am convinced ; that is enough.

It seems to me, that the importance of the thing requires we should maturely weigh our opinions ; for, where there is a doubt, reasons for, as well as against, should be heard in the argument. What if it were proved that the works, by which you have been seduced, were full of false citations ; that their Authors knew not the holy writings they attacked ; that their profound ignorance in that respect was much like their duplicity, and that they contradict themselves in every page ?

You could not prove all that to me without tiring me to death ; besides, I tell you once more, I am convinced ; nothing can make me change my opinion : intolerance is repugnant both to the heart and understanding.

You have heard long declamations on intolerance ; but if you wish to know what has been most powerfully, most feelingly, most sublimely said on that subject, read the Gospel.

All enthusiasts are intolerant, are persecutors.

Enthusiasts,

Enthusiasts, like false Philosophers, are dangerous to religion; but the latter respect neither established order nor morality; yet I will not affirm philosophy is hateful and dangerous; nor should we calumniate religion and piety, because there are hypocrites.

But will not you allow it is impossible for a person of understanding to be devout!

Do not you believe that Nicole, Pascal, Racine, and Fenelon, had as much understanding as ourselves?

Yes; they had genius and understanding, but not Philosophy.

Do you think, madam, that Fenelon was absolutely without philosophy?

He had great talents——good intentions——but that is not what we mean by a Philosopher.

Certainly not a modern one. His works inspire virtue, of which his life was the most perfect model; equally great, in every station, favour or disgrace made no difference in his character and manners; he lived simple, benevolent, and disinterested, in the most brilliant Court of Europe; nor could persecution degrade or aggravate him; he had enemies, yet to him, Hatred was unknown; he was deceived, and Envy thought to triumph; but Fenelon gave addition to his fame, by condemning himself. Do you believe, Madam, your
Atheistical

Atheistical Philosophers will ever afford us an example of such sublime Philosophy?

You really amaze me. What! a man of your age, endeavouring to convert a woman! This is really something new; but I must tell you I have some fortitude, and shall continue to maintain and defend my opinions.

You have not yet informed me, what your reasons for these opinions are.

Reasons! I have already given twenty; unanswerable ones——But you know the Baron de Vercenay, who often comes here; it is impossible to have more wit. Well, Sir, he believes in nothing; absolutely nothing; and were you to hear——

I am sorry for him; but, may I dare inform you, ~~M.~~ de Vercenay has very little knowledge.

You are deceived; no man of fashion has more.

I supposed he had never read above four or five Authors in his life, and those modern ones.

He has read every thing: ask himself.

Your testimony is sufficient.

He is an extraordinary man, and really deep; very deep.

Madam de Valrive rang her bell, her attendants came, she went to her toilet, and Luzincourt retired.

In the evening he saw her Physician; I believe,
said

said he, your patient will soon come to a determination.

I will lay a wager she decides for wit.

I dare say so; but pray tell me how this can happen.

At present nothing is more easy; formerly it was necessary to find an entire new set of acquaintances; the fashionable world was totally abandoned, and men of letters only admitted; but now we have the happiness to find a multitude of Authors in every station, and in every class. Madam de Valrive will invite, more particularly, those people of fashion to her house who pass for persons of wit. She will give them dinners three or four times a week; and in the evening will say, she has spent a charming day; will name every man who sat down to table, and assure her hearers, they never shewed more wit or greater understanding; she will praise the solidity of Chevalier de Sireuil, the graceful gaiety of the Count de Morfan, and the originality of the Baron de Verceenay; not that she will have felt any thing of all this, but it is easy to repeat what she has so very often heard repeated.

She will then be obliged to attend those Authors who read their works in manuscript, and, instead of a box at the Opera, she must have one at the Playhouse;

Playhouse; for she must never miss the first night of a new piece.

As she will not admit Men of Letters, no other works will be read at her house, but what are written by Men of Fashion.

Pardon me, Sir, a successful Man of Letters will always be well received, if he brings a Manuscript in his pocket; but, as soon as his work has been heard by all her acquaintance, her doors will be shut upon him, at least till he has written another.

And thus he is treated like a hired Singer, or instrumental Performer.

If Men of Letters were more conscious of the dignity of their profession, they would not have that kind of condescension for any but their particular friends, or those who desire to become such; for my part, were I to advise a young Author, I would tell him, Never be the dupe of your own vanity; never consent to act a subaltern part, to obtain the poor applauses of a few individuals: beware of pride, it debases whom it intoxicates, and sacrifices every thing to an inadequate and momentary success; it will render you absurd and inconsistent; will give you a dogmatic and positive air; will dictate the most ridiculous Prefaces, and yet, at the same time, make you eager to undergo the strangest humiliations.

Luzincourt thought this advice very prudent, and resolved to profit by it.

While thus he lived, in the midst of new objects, Luzincourt, more sensible to the charms of friendship than even to the pleasures of observation and instruction, remarked, with chagrin, the Viscount came no longer to visit his sister-in-law. In vain did Luzincourt seek him, and above six weeks had passed away without his being able to see or meet him. At last, after a thousand fruitless attempts, he found him at home one evening. The Viscount received him as if they had only parted on the overnight: Luzincourt seemed melancholy, and the Viscount asked him the reason.

You promised me your friendship, said Luzincourt, and yet, for these two months, your door has been shut against me.

How could you suppose it? Every time you came I was either abroad or asleep.

Asleep! What at noon?

You forget dancing and gaming.

You love neither.

And yet I have done both.

Are you so altered then?

I well may be; but that is past; and I shall tell you some news that will give you pleasure. All is ended between me and Madame d'Herblay.

And have you no *ill* news for me?

None:

None : What do you mean ?

Nay, I am not sent to question you, nor shall I dare indulge the least liberty of this kind, yet it is easy to see from your conduct——

I do not understand you ; speak plainly.

That there is some difference between you and your brother.

Not the least in the world, I assure you.

Then between you and Madam de Valrive ?

Neither : Who could tell you so improbable a tale ?

You do not go there any more ; at the beginning of the winter, you used to be there every day.

I once more tell you, dear Luzincourt, I have not for these two months past had a moment to myself.

And are you astonished not to find yourself happy ? Live with your family and your friends, and you will then enjoy that pure content which alone can satisfy a heart like your's, and of which you have been robbed by dissipation.

You are right, I feel you are right ; and I am determined to reform habits of which I have been some time tired. It is now the spring, and, if you will go with me, we will travel.

Luzincourt accepted this proposition with joy, and the Viscount, punctual to his promise, was ready to set off in the month of April. The two
friends

friends traversed Holland, England, and Switzerland, and did not return to Paris again till the middle of winter. Luzincourt, on his arrival, learnt with joy that Damoville had gained the Poetical Prize given by the French Academy. Luzincourt read the verses, and was then thoroughly convinced Damoville had the art to gain friends, who had been more serviceable and zealous than just. Damoville had a Medal ; but the Public, who have long since learnt not to be imposed upon by Prize Medals, found the Verses very bad ; and, shocked at the partiality which they saw take place on this occasion, forgot their usual indulgence to young Authors.

Damoville, encouraged by this triumph, was confirmed in the opinion that knowledge and assiduity are useless, and that to visit and obtain Patrons was the most necessary care. Six months afterwards he published a Novel, in which he painted men and manners ; that is to say, such as he had seen at Madame de Surval's. He told Luzincourt the work would create him many enemies. I own, to thee, said he, the portraits are drawn after nature ; a little overcharged, that they might not be dull, but not the less like. My hero, for example, is absolutely taken from the Viscount de Valrive ; I saw him only transiently at Madame de Surval's, but I studied him minutely ; I have

perfectly painted his mode of treating the ladies, his levity, his ironical and absent air——

But I have before time told you, interrupted Luzincourt, this was all affectation.

My dear Luzincourt, you and I view things in a very different light; besides, thy partiality for the Viscount will not suffer thee to see him as he is; thou wilt give him talents to which he makes no pretension, and refusest him those agreeable qualities which have occasioned all his success with the women; but I know him better than thou dost; and hadst thou heard what Madame d'Herblay has told me of him!——Lovelace was a mere novice to him.

Canst thou give faith to the tales of a woman so despicable as Madame d'Herblay?

She is not more despicable than others; than Madame de Valrive, for example; who, since she was left by the Baron de Vercenay, has kept a little Opera singer.

Madame de Valrive?

Thou knowest the song that was made upon her.

What song?

That which has been so much in vogue.

I neither know the song nor this most abominable story, which, certainly, never was heard out of the circle of Madame de Surval.

Not in the circles thou frequentest ! But I tell thee, I am well acquainted with the intrigues of this town ; the adventure of Madame de Champrose ; the double exchange of lovers between her and her female friend ; the treaty signed before witnesses in the pleasure-house. Every one of these Anecdotes are in my Novel. Imagine then the consequence, and the noise it will make. Not but I have somewhat disguised facts.

I can assure thee there was no occasion ; the Viscount, Madame de Valrive, and Madame de Champrose, have read thy Romance without the least emotion.

The effect of mere prudence ; other people will be apt enough to make the applications, without their being so silly as to betray themselves.

I dare engage my life, thou mightest write such works from this time till the day of thy death, without once moving their anger.

Luzincourt was right ; but Damoville laughed. He vaunted of having written a libel, because he had committed to paper the scandalous Anecdotes to which Madame d'Herblay had given breath ; but these pretended Anecdotes were only absurd calumnies, which nobody but her had ever heard of ; neither were his portraits more faithful, for which reason nobody took notice of the book ; nor did it

make the least *noise*; nobody, indeed, ever suspected his malicious intentions.

Almost all the Journals, however, affirmed that, since the time of Crebillon, there had not appeared any work in which so true a picture of men and manners could be found. This increased the astonishment of Luzincourt, who saw it was not possible to attribute such excessive praise entirely to the bad taste of the Critics. Damoville, with his usual indiscretion, informed him, how the suffrages of certain Journalists might be obtained; and the prescription was, to get acquainted with some of them, and give them little fugitive pieces for their Journals; and, as to the rest, Protectors and Friends would insure their good word.

Luzincourt objected that this was very troublesome, tiresome, a great loss of time, and could only obtain praises by which nobody was deceived. Damoville replied, he knew the best of all possible extracts and praises would produce no great effect in Paris; but that they were not useless in the provincial towns, and foreign countries.

Soon after this, Luzincourt made a journey to Champagne, where he staid two months with his father, and afterwards departed for Italy, which he was desirous of seeing, that he might one day
speak

ſpeak of the arts, if not like a connoiſſeur, at leaſt like a man of taſte and underſtanding. An artiſt ſhould live years at Rome; a few months are ſufficient for a man of letters. The one muſt ſtudy, labour, and reflect profoundly; it is enough for the other to be ſtruck, and to preſerve the emotions and ideas of the ſublime and beautiful. For this reaſon he ought to ſee St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Apollo Belvidera, and all thoſe other famous monuments, of which all the deſcriptions, deſigns, copies, and learned diſſertations, that ever exiſted, can give but a faint idea.

After a fix months tour, Luzincourt left Italy, and returned to Paris, where he accepted an apartment in the houſe of the Viſcount de Valrive; who, having for ever given up the fatiguing character of a man of the mode, led that kind of life which perfectly accorded with the diſpoſition of Luzincourt.

While the latter was abſent, Damoville had undertaken the Editorſhip of a Journal; and Luzincourt, ſhocked at ſeveral articles which had been ſent him to Italy, could not forbear ſpeaking of it to Damoville. Really, ſaid he, your partiality is diſguffing.

How ſo, prithee?

You praiſe works ſo intolerably dull——

Oh! thou hast thy eye upon the Pamphlet written by Blimont; I allow it is detestable: but Blimont was strongly recommended by a lady whom I must not disoblige, I mean Madame d'Herblay; she is at present mistress to a great man, and has undertaken to solicit a pension for me. She interests herself in behalf of this little Blimont; she thinks him a man of wit and taste; and how could I avoid repeating this praise? Nay, I am well off to be so easily released, for had she by chance thought him a man of genius, I must have called him so.

These are excellent reasons. But then those *Thoughts on various Subjects*, which were such dull common-place stuff, and which you likewise so loudly praised, and thought so profound——

Them! Oh I might praise them without fear or restraint, very certain they would never be read; nobody could contradict me, for I defy the most intrepid reader to go through three pages; therefore, when the Author is one of us, we boldly affirm such a work to be sublime. I formerly gave thee an example of this kind.

Yes, it is not thy fault if I am still ignorant; but, though I might excuse thy excessive complaisance, who can excuse those bitter criticisms, so full of gall, and so void of truth, against good Authors?

How

How couldst thou shew thy face, after thus praising Blimont, and thus abusing Terval ?

I own I have a great respect for the talents of Terval, and gave a very faithful and very advantageous account of his first work.

Well, but his second is still better.

Agreed ; but not written on our principles.

What, because he has affirmed religion to be the only solid basis of virtue ?

He has disgusted all the Philosophers.

Usurpers you mean of this fine title.

Usurpers be it ; what matters it to me ? He has created himself a multitude of enemies ; and, even if the most dangerous of these enemies had not been my protectors, I certainly should not have been fool hardy enough to have assumed an ill-timed partiality. Assure yourself, Luzincourt, I am neither whimsical nor absurd ; and that I never praise a bad work or abuse a good one, without sufficient reason. Thus, for example, I gave a very bad character of the last new piece, and yet I thought it excellent.

And the Author has been one of thy friends above these six months.

This circumstance makes my conduct sublime ; I sacrificed him to gratitude. Last year the Editor of a certain Journal did as much for me, and one good turn deserves another. He remind-

ed me of the favour, told me the Author was his enemy, and I took that occasion to acquit myself of the debt. I did every thing in my power to turn the Author and his piece into ridicule. Thou mayest tell me, likewise, perhaps, that formerly I was very loud in the praises of another Man of Letters, Dorgeval, whom I at present maintain to be a fool; but this is no caprice; we have quarreled beyond a possibility of reconciliation.

Who can answer reasons like these? And yet, I must own, should I ever undertake the Editorship of a Journal, I should have a fancy to exhibit a model of the most perfect impartiality.

What a romantic! what an impossible project!

Not so romantic, since reason and personal interest would be sufficient motives. Nobody is deceived by the falshood of a Journalist, since the arts to conceal it have long been too common, and too well seen through. It is in vain, when they intend to abuse a work, they begin by affirming *they shall praise with pleasure, and find fault with regret*. In vain, when the Author is their friend, they inform us how *severe* they intend to be. We cannot any longer be duped by such shallow artifice; or, rather, after seeing such phrases at the beginning, we know what is to follow. Let me, therefore, advise you to change this old formula, and endeavor

your

your to imagine something less known, and more likely to deceive.

Let us return to impartiality: I affirm it to be impossible, nay absurd. What if your intimate friend, or benefactor, had written a bad book; would you publicly proclaim it?

This is the only case in which I should not think myself at liberty to speak my thoughts; but this does not often happen. And even, when it did, I would not write against my conscience: were I obliged to make an extract from a work, under such circumstances, I should say, "The Book, which it is my duty to announce to the Public, is written by my intimate friend. I shall therefore confine myself to the giving an idea of the plan, and making an extract; for, as my judgment might naturally be suspected of partiality, I shall forbear to give any."

And when you speak of your enemy, may not your judgment be as naturally suspected?

No. Friendship is all-powerful; but my heart never can know hatred.

Persuade the Public to that.

I would prove it: the Public should be convinced I had at least understanding and greatness of mind sufficient to set my glory on being invariably equitable and sincere.

This is all very fine ; but this *greatness of mind* would make thy Journal most potently insipid.

Much less insipid than your's. You never speak candidly what you think ; a thousand narrow motives guide your pens, and, when you praise the work, the reader says, *How totally he is bought ! How intimate he is with the Author !* And, on the contrary, when you criticize : *How he hates the Author ! What an enemy he is to the Author ! How much he fears the enemies of the Author !* And what dependence do you think such a reader will place in you ? Such criticisms are read without emotion or curiosity ; for, to know their purport, it is sufficient to know your prejudices, fears and antipathies. Instead of which my Journal, without being better written, would indubitably be more amusing ; the reader would be certain always of finding the true sentiments of an impartial person.

One would think thou wert speaking of a work designed for the perusal of posterity. Remember, a *Journal* is the thing in question ; the mere thing of the day, which is often purchased only to read the Play-bills ; that is idly skimmed over in the morning, burnt in the evening, and forgotten on the morrow.

Yes, such is the general fate of Journals ; but is this the fault of the thing, or of the Writer ? We
have

have all heard how Addison, Pope, Steele, &c. amused themselves in writing these mere things of a day; the public had them in the morning, and read them at breakfast, and they were neither burnt nor forgotten on the morrow, but carefully preserved.

Oh yes; nobody will deny the Spectator to be an excellent work. The chief study of Authors formerly was to write well. They had not more wit than we have, but they had more industry. We want time: the life we lead neither admits of meditation nor labour.

I can easily conceive it is difficult enough to find time both for caballing and study.

For my part, I care little about this trifle of a Journal, the charge of which I have only taken for a moment. I shall soon quit it, and write one of a different kind, which will be much more serviceable to my affairs.

Of what nature?

Not of a public one; it will consist of a private correspondence with five or six foreign Princes, to whom I am recommended.

And what will you inform these Princes of?

They are lovers of French Literature, and desirous of knowing what new works appear before the Journalists publish their accounts. Thus I shall have an opportunity of sending the produc-

tions of all my friends ; as to others, I shall content myself with an extract, and an *impartial* opinion, as thou sayest.

That is, when you dislike the Author, you will persuade the Prince the work is not worth reading.

Which he will surely believe from the extract I shall send.

The Prince will certainly be an excellent judge of the state of French Literature, and the merit of our writers, if he confides in thee.

I am not to be his Preceptor, but his Correspondent, and I care little about the goodness of his judgment.

And what advantages do you expect?

First, the pleasure of serving my friends, of establishing and increasing their reputation in foreign countries——

And of injuring your enemies. What else?

Fame and distinction. Pensions, Portraits, flattering Letters, copies of which will be published in the public Journals, and even adroitly inserted in my own works.

But, pray tell me, how are you so suddenly to obtain the correspondence of six foreign Princes?

Wit and genius are first necessary.

These are the requisites : but for the means.

First carefully cultivate the friendship of Ambassadors, who will, then, on the publication of a

new

new work, undertake to present their Sovereigns with a copy; to this the Author must add a letter to the Prince, and be careful to obtain recommendations from men of letters, his friends, whose reputation is established. Thus, for instance, Dalainval did me this favour in Germany and Russia.

Thus instructed concerning preliminaries, return we to the correspondence. How is it possible you should undertake such an enterprize?

What do you mean? Why not?

What! Clandestinely rob men of reputation! Attack them without giving them the means of defence! Load them with accusations, and heap ridicule upon them, of which they are wholly ignorant! To which they cannot reply! Meet them continually, dine with them, sup with them, and part with them, intending to do them all the insidious mischief in your power! Really, Damoville, I must tell you plainly, there is something horrid in such conduct.

Thou art always in stilts! Didst thou never, in a letter to a friend, indulge a severe criticism, or a hasty opinion?

Can you compare a letter to a friend to a correspondence like that you speak of?

According to thy principles it is horrid to write, unknowingly to the Author, that his work is bad.

I cer-

I certainly never should write such a thing but to a friend ; and as I have no interest to make them of my opinion, my criticism would neither be captious nor long ; it would be only a passing reflection, not an endeavour to persuade ; and, should my opinion be erroneous, I should hurt neither the Author's reputation nor fortune, therefore should only be guilty of rashness.

Seriously speaking, I acknowledge the correspondence, I am about to undertake, demands the most perfect equity.

But suppose yourself impartial, may you not be deceived, and unintentionally form a wrong judgment ? Yes, Damoville, probity rejects clandestine criticisms, they deserve to be classed with libels. If you would attack others, prepare no secret ambuscades, strike not in the dark, but face your foe, and avow your intention. Were I to write a criticism, my motives should be justifiable and moral. I should then combat, with fortitude, against whatever offended reason and manners ; and, as I know myself fallible, should wish to be refuted and informed. Were the reply scurrilous, or scandalous, I should be convinced solid arguments were wanting ; and, certain of being in the right, moderation would cost me little.

Suppose you were proved in the wrong !

I would

I would instantly own it ; for, not having been wilfully so, such a confession would sit easy on my heart.

Pshaw ! If ever you should become an Author you will change your opinion, and your language.

Damoville pronounced these words in an ironical and half angry tone, rose hastily, and took his leave ; and, as Luzincourt heard no more of him for upwards of two months, he supposed there was an end of all intercourse between them. Damoville, however, though he thought Luzincourt odd and apt to cavil, could not forbear to esteem him, and depend upon his friendship. Habit and confidence made the conversation of Luzincourt necessary. Determined not to follow his advice, he yet could not forbear asking it, and informing him of his hopes and fears. He would leave him in an ill-humour, yet must return ; and, after neglecting him awhile, would again suddenly come to inform him of his projects and secrets.

Luzincourt, in the mean time, continued the plan he first laid down on his arrival in Paris. He spent five or six hours a day in company, and devoted the rest to study, and what he held to be his duties. He never had neglected Darnay, the Advocate with whom he lodged the two first years of his coming to town, nor broken the strict intimacy

timacy he had contracted with several eminent Artists. Simple, modest, and natural, his manners were mild and noble, and his conversation interesting; the women thought him pleasing, the men wise, and his friends amiable.

Affectionate, and, consequently, benevolent, he often visited those obscure corners where Misery presents her dreary aspect; and while he beheld all her woes, his heart acquired new sensations. Compassion became a principle! Compassion, which dwells in all bosoms, though it often lies latent, unawakened, unexcited by pathetic scenes of wretchedness! Like as fire is resident in all bodies, even in flint, yet remains unknown unless forced into action.

At last, said Luzincourt, I now may write, I now may affect the passions without artifice. I have seen suffering Nature; I have beheld the powers of Grief, Gratitude, and Magnanimity. The cry of Despair has rung in my ear! Terror! Horror! Pity! Admiration! I have felt them all, and I know the human heart. I have need neither of Genius nor Imagination to paint with truth: faithfully to remember what I have seen, heard, and experienced, is all I want.

Accordingly he wrote and published a moral work, the success of which surpassed his hopes; the passions were moved, and Nature and Truth
were

were conspicuous. Having no reputation, Luzincourt had no enemies, he therefore obtained universal applause: even the Literati loaded him with praise. Several of them came to visit him and gain his acquaintance, but after founding his inclinations they soon discovered his principles, and their enthusiasm began to cool.

Luzincourt perceived the tide turning, yet took no step to overthrow the little conspiracy which he found forming against him; they were angry with themselves, for having too indiscreetly praised a man who had an obstinate aversion to all party spirit; but the fault was committed, and, while they sought how to repair it, Luzincourt peaceably enjoyed the satisfaction of having given the world a useful work, and the pleasure of seeing it translated into all the living languages of Europe.

Much about this time, Luzincourt became acquainted with a young widow, named Aurelia, who was visited by many men of letters, and to whom Damoville had paid constant attendance for the last five months. Aurelia was the widow of a rich Merchant of Nantes, had no children, and, finding herself at four and twenty her own mistress, and possessed of a good fortune, returned to live at Paris, with an old Aunt, who had brought her up, and to whom she was sole heiress.

Aurelia

Aurelia had a handsome person, a cultivated understanding, a delicate taste, a feeling heart, and a noble mind. She did not want penetration, but, having too lively a fancy, she did not always judge rightly; she was very liable to be prejudiced, but her prejudices were of short duration; she loved truth, was sincere in the search of it, and had neither that obstinacy which resists its impressions, nor that stupid pride which rejects its conviction. She was often known to change her opinion; she was accused of inconsistency and caprice, but unjustly, she was only undeceived.

Naturally just and generous, no one knew better how to own, or how to repair, an error; her heart, formed only for friendship, was inaccessible to hatred, envy, or resentment. The first emotion over, she not only easily pardoned ill usage, but naturally forgot it. In spite of experience, she was born to believe, as long as she lived, in the sincerity of reconciliations, and the impossibility of people continuing to hate each other.

Void of all affectation, incapable of hypocrisy and constraint, she was not always equally amiable and prudent; she discovered too much indifference for those she did not think worthy her notice, and too much partiality for those who pleased her. Wit and understanding may easily be deceived for a moment; and Aurelia was always

ways disposed to believe Virtue and a specious behaviour were the same. Good breeding is seductive, and adds an inexpressible charm to the sensations which admiration excites.

An illusion so agreeable was necessary to Aurelia, who could taste no pleasures in which the heart had no share; she could be pleased only by being interested; and she too easily attributed wisdom to those who appeared amiable. Her behaviour was gentle and equal; she did not make trifles important, took no light offence, claimed no extraordinary attention, but had defects and virtues seldom united in the same person, and which gave her a certain singularity equally original and inviting.

Communicative to excess, she easily betrayed her thoughts, but she spoke only of her own concerns; friendship never had cause to reproach her with the least indiscretion. She was giddy and imprudent, but not silly; she possessed fortitude, could submit to necessity, support ill fortune, and keep a resolution; but it was only on great occasions she discovered a great mind. In the common course of things, her complaisance sometimes looked like weakness.

Her natural activity, which was remarkable, was usually exerted on useful and important objects; for when it was necessary her mind was
firm

firm and determined. In indifferent things, she was led and governed with as much ease as docility, for she had an inexhaustible fund of gentleness and good humour.

What, however, distinguished her most, was the delicacy and nobleness of her sentiments; she despised pomp and riches, contemned parties and cabals. With an imagination less lively, and feelings less quick, she would have had philosophy and superiority of reason; but she ceded too soon to first impressions; more eager to be informed than occupied by the important care of correcting herself, she gained knowledge, but not perfection; she remained such as Nature had formed her; and though she had not a common mind, she had the defects of one.

Luzincourt was received at her house politely, but coldly; she did not however forget to mention his work, but, with the most unaffected sincerity, gave it the highest praise. Damoville soon entered, and took the whole conversation upon himself; Aurelia seemed to listen with great attention; Luzincourt observed it, and saw that two or three of Damoville's friends, who were present, took every opportunity to give consequence to all he uttered.

Damoville, on the other hand, was not pleased to meet Luzincourt in this place. The latter
durst

durst not make his first visit so long as he wished, but renewed it two or three days afterward. He was received the second time more coldly than the first; and, when he departed, he went and supped at Madame de Valrive's, where he carried absence of mind and uneasiness, and therefore retired before midnight.

—Instead of going to bed, he walked above two hours about his chamber, thinking of Damoville and Aurelia. It is evident he is in love with her, said he, or least pretends to be; he has beset her with his most intimate friends, who easily persuade her he is a man of wit, understanding, and virtue; she loves men of literature, and their purpose may soon be effected.——Yet Damoville is incapable of a sincere attachment——I am certain he is influenced only by a desire of making a good match, and will deceive a Lady worthy of a better fate.——Yet wherefore am I thus interested?——I own, I am somewhat piqued he should come, so often, to confide his silly schemes to me, and never mention a project like this.——'Tis strange! I long have known him as he is——have no dependence on his friendship——and yet his want of confidence, in this instance, vexes me!

Internally displeased with himself, Luzincourt felt an insurmountable discontent he had never known before. Damoville came to see him next morning, and he blushed and experienced a disagreeable emotion. Neither was Damoville totally free from embarrassment; but he soon recovered his usual appearance, and spoke much, yet never mentioned the name of Aurelia.— Thou wilt see a letter of mine, said he, to-morrow, in the *Mercure de France*, on Music.

Music! What have you to say about Music?

What! A great deal about *Gluck* and *Piccini*.

But you never studied Music?

Writers at present must touch on that subject.

And so you will write dissertations on a subject you do not understand, consequently will write ill, will make false and ridiculous pretensions to knowledge, and make two men angry with each other who were born for reciprocal admiration; and who, were it not for your trifling disputes, and the party janglings of inconsiderate zeal, would do each other justice. Why, Sir, were even a Musician, known to be such, a famous Composer, to undertake a work in which he should attempt to prove it a folly to esteem the compositions both of *Gluck* and *Piccini*, he would soon tire, but never convince, his readers. In spite of all the reasoning upon earth, those who
have

have souls and ears will always love them both. Which way, then, can a Writer pretend to determine for a Nation, and fix its taste, who does not understand whether a Duet be made according to rule? How shall he dare to speak in terms he does not know the meaning of, and imperiously tell the world Gluck is a Barbarian, or Piccini has no Genius? This species of madness is so original it might amuse us, did it not give birth to anger and hatred; but your intolerance and animosity make it as melancholy as it is unaccountable.

What is to be done? We must swim with the stream, my friends are all Piccinists.

I do not ask you to be a Gluckist, but you might be neuter.

What, and be hated by both parties!

If there be a thing on earth a true Philosopher can hate, it is certainly party spirit; since it gives birth to such extravagance, meanness, and injustice.

This letter was asked of me, it is written, and to-morrow it will appear. The die is cast, and I am now an avowed Piccinist for life. Should any one attempt to laugh at me, for not being a Musician, I have a ready resource. I will imitate one of our antagonists, who, hurt at this reproach, took a Music-Master at fifty, and began the Violon-

Violoncello. Thou mayest see I care little about my letter on Music, but thou wilt find in the same Journal something more interesting: A Dissertation on English Literature.

Indeed! When did you learn English? Three months since you did not know a word of that language.

I have taken lessons some time, and a few years hence may know something of the matter.

Being industrious!—And in the mean time you will write on the subject. This tastes of the *Violoncello*! You have no doubt made quotations in your dissertation.

Many! I have cited Milton.

In English?

Certainly.

But hark you, my friend! Who has corrected your proofs? You must recur to the original for every word, for you will not persuade me you understand English. I give you my word I will not betray you, tell me therefore how you manage, for the thing appears to me quite curious.

Curious! Not in the least; it is done every day.

What! To cite English poetry, to reason, to discourse on its beauties, and defects, without knowing a word of English!

Nothing

Nothing is more common: nor is any thing required for such a task, except a Dictionary, a copy of the original work, and a translation.

But those who understand English will soon see you do not.

Those who understand English will not read our Dissertations. It was absolutely necessary I should publish these Fragments: a man of literature must, at all events, appear perfectly to understand a language so universally studied at present, for the sake of his reputation in foreign parts, and the provincial towns. But, a-propos, I told thee, some time ago, of a three-act Comedy I began last Spring: it is finished, and I shall read it to-morrow at Aurelia's. Wilt thou come?

Will——will Aurelia——permit me to be present? replied Luzincourt, somewhat embarrassed.

O yes! yes! yes! I will take care of that.

Luzincourt hesitated a moment, and, after some reflection, accepted the proposition.

Damoville could not forbear to tell him of a reading which was to take place in the presence of thirty people, and which, to him, was a thing of the utmost importance. On any other occasion, he would have been glad of Luzincourt's absence; and he took such precautions, on this, as quite robbed him of all uneasiness.

Damoville had, in fact, formed a project to marry Aurelia; and, for this purpose, had introduced all his most zealous Partizans and Protectors, who, being privy to the intent, took every opportunity to second his design. Aurelia heard nothing but praises on the talents and virtues of Damoville; not a man, of the present age, had so well founded a reputation, was continually repeated in her ear. She knew he had borne away the prizes for Eloquence and Poetry, given by the French Academy, for two or three years; and, they assured her, his celebrity was still greater in foreign countries.

Aurelia was not ignorant Damoville held a correspondence with several Princes, or that he received pensions, which she considered as honourable proofs of his superiority; his Panegyrist soon told all this, and how he had, already, been made a Member of the Provincial Academies; and that, they were well assured, he need but present himself, to be received one of the Forty of Paris.

So much lustre dazzled Aurelia. She was apt to think favourably of Genius; she loved Fame, and forgot there was nothing wanting to the renown of Damoville, but that of having deserved it. She examined not into causes, but was struck
with

with the effects; she enquired not, but was led. Besides, having never lived in the fashionable world, she was incapable of judging what were the merits of a work, which, she was told, was a perfect picture of high life. This picture, 'tis true, had somewhat offended her reason and natural good taste; but she heard so many voices raised in its praise, and contrary to her private opinion, for she durst not declare it, that she was obliged to accuse herself of an ill-founded delicacy.

Damoville was not deficient either in subtilty or supple ness; he saw Aurelia had noble sentiments, and a fixed aversion to party intrigues; and he spoke as though he possessed all the sublime qualities necessary to please a person of her disposition. Yet, though she thought him amiable, and supposed him a man of great abilities, she had not that heart-felt preference he flattered himself he could inspire. She admired him, however, and always shewed him a most decisive preference.

Such was the situation of Damoville, when Luzincourt first appeared at the house of Aurelia. Damoville knew of his introduction, and that Aurelia, the instant she had read his book, was very desirous of his acquaintance. Fearful he might become a dangerous Rival, Damoville neglected nothing that might injure him in Aurelia's opinion. It would have been too bare-

faced to have openly spoken against a man who had been his first and most intimate friend ; therefore, whenever she mentioned his name, Damoville took care to vaunt, with enthusiasm, of his friendship for Luzincourt, but without ever praising the friend or his works ; he even hinted he had reason to complain of him ; but feigning to recollect himself, as if he had done his friend wrong, he seemed to reproach himself with indiscretion, and wished to retract.

His Partizans need not speak so cautiously : they continually told Aurelia Damoville was infatuated to Luzincourt, who, far from participating friendship so tender and so true, could not behold the success of Damoville, without the basest envy ; that the latter had received the most outrageous injuries from him ; that he was an artful and profound hypocrite ; and that, in fine, under an agreeable outside, he concealed an unfeeling heart, and a dangerous character.

Aurelia thus prejudiced, Damoville had little to fear. He was desirous of being praised, especially in her presence, and knew Luzincourt was no flatterer ; but then Aurelia would interpret his silence into envy. It was this reflection that had determined Damoville to invite him to the reading of his piece.

Though

Though Luzincourt was ignorant of these dark snares, he well knew Damoville had acted with duplicity in this instance. He felt how embarrassing it must be for him to hear a bad piece read, which his friend had written; but he supposed, in a company of thirty people, he should neither be questioned nor noticed. His desire to observe Aurelia, during the reading, was great; and thinking he gave way to a mere emotion of curiosity, he went next day, at the time appointed, to Aurelia's.

Here he found a large company. Damoville was not yet arrived, and they, in the mean time, were busy in his praise. Some of them, who had heard the comedy read, assured Aurelia, it was a master-piece; they next extolled his Letter on Music, and his Dissertation on Milton, which Aurelia had read that very morning, and which she thought excellent.

Aurelia remarked that Luzincourt listened silently to his friend's praises, and she was confirmed in the opinion she had heard of his character. Of all the pangs the heart can endure, that of Envy is doubtless the most insupportable; and yet it is the only one that cannot inspire pity: Aurelia, therefore, with an intention to augment the torments of Luzincourt, praised Damoville, even to exaggeration. Luzincourt was ignorant of her

project, and really supposed her desperately enamoured. The idea made him melancholy; in spite of himself, he was vexed, and fell into a gloomy revery, in which he continued till the arrival of Damoville, who was received by Aurelia in the politest and most affable manner.

Damoville, before he began, endeavoured to put his auditors into a favourable disposition. Seven or eight people, in the company, guided the judgments of the rest; to each of these he had something agreeable to say; one was assured, in his ear, that his good opinion alone was the thing he wished; another was praised aloud for his taste and natural indulgence.—After going round thus, and making all these little necessary preparations, Damoville gracefully sat himself down.

So well were his hearers disposed that, as soon as he took his work from his pocket, a confused murmur of applause arose, occasioned by the sight of this precious manuscript; every chair was in motion to approach the reader, while Aurelia, with a heart really interested, desired silence.

Damoville, with a mild, modest, and insinuating air, began, by reading an Advertisement, which informed the assembly that his little piece had been sent to *Ferney*; that he had received a most flattering letter, extracts from which he read;
and

and that, finally, the suffrage of M. de Voltaire, and eight or ten other undoubted judges, had induced him to present his work to the public.

The Advertisement ended by a kind of analysis of his Comedy; that is to say, by a very circumstantial eulogium; whence it was clearly understood that nothing so good had been written for these last twenty years; and that the Author had as much celebrity as genius. Several of them gave their thoughts on this Advertisement, which they pronounced equally modest and well written, and Damoville then began to read his Comedy.

He had before told them the wit of it was elegant, not gross, at which the understanding only could laugh. He did right, no one was inclined to laugh, though they all unanimously agreed, never had Author better seized the follies of the times; each exclaimed at every moment, How just! How severe! And those exclamations were so frequent that an old Alderman of Toulouse, a relation of Aurelia's arrived overnight in Paris, cried out, as loudly as any of them, How just! how severe!

A witness of this universal enthusiasm, Luzincourt's embarrassment was increased, by perceiving Aurelia attentively observing him, and looking at him with indignation. He saw she thought him capable of that mean jealousy which Authors too often feel; the idea distracted him; for, in fact,

he was not at that moment free from jealousy, though it was of a very different nature to what Aurelia supposed.

He thought Damoville's piece intolerable; however, to divert Aurelia's suspicions, he made an effort, and addressed some vague compliments to Damoville; but as he was vexed with himself, and averse to the thing, he did this with so ill a grace that every body took notice of his behaviour, every body began to whisper, every body's eyes were fixed upon him, and Aurelia gave him a look of contempt, accompanied with a disdainful smile, which completed his confusion.

Damoville triumphed; he observed all that passed, though, apparently, he observed nothing. The reading ended, he rose, approached Aurelia, and, with the utmost seeming candour, said, Can you guess what I am thinking of?—Of you, Madam, and Luzincourt.—I have the happiness to obtain your applause, and I have a friend, who knows my heart, who participates my joy; a witness of this most pleasing, most flattering success.—Yes, I know he participates my joy.—He may have his failings, but have not I too?—Who is without? My delicacy is great, but I have often pushed it too far, especially with him—Yet I have always done his feelings justice—and even, at this moment, I am certain they are exquisite.

This

This apparent credulity of Damoville, affected Aurelia so much that she was obliged to turn her head aside, to hide her tears; then looking at Damoville, with great expression said to him, the thing I am most certain of, is, you are worthy a sincere friend.

Worthy of one! I have one; at least, added he, fetching a deep sigh, I flatter myself I have—— Even were it an illusion, it would be cruel to rob me of the agreeable shadow.

Damoville pronounced these words with so tragical an air that Aurelia was greatly affected; her emotion was visible in her countenance; and Luzincourt, though at the other end of the chamber, perfectly beheld her tenderness and trouble. Then it was he indeed envied Damoville, and felt a pang of heart so severe he could not hide what passed in his mind, but rose to take his leave.

Damoville called him back, and he returned with confusion in his face: Damoville had not quitted his chair, which stood next to that of Aurelia——When, my friend, shall I see thee? said he.

This simple question quite confounded Luzincourt, who answered, with a frozen coldness, he was very busy at present, and——

He could not finish his sentence ; for he neither knew what he said, nor what he wished to say.

I will call on thee to-morrow, said Damoville.

Do not give yourself that trouble ; I shall not be at home.

But betimes, before thou art out.

Luzincourt, not knowing what to say, answered, he was going into the country for a few days ; then turning towards Aurelia, asked if she had any commands ; who, without deigning to look at him, replied by a simple inclination of the head ; and Luzincourt, making a low bow, instantly left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Damoville, looking at Aurelia with an air of astonishment, exclaimed, I am quite petrified ! What is the matter with him ? — This is inconceivable ! — Have I said any thing to give him offence ? — It is true, this is not the first time I have seen him so ; but, I confess, I hardly know how to support such behaviour.

Aurelia, full of pity for Damoville, sighed, and changing the conversation to divert his thoughts, once more began to praise the charming piece she just had heard.

The unhappy Luzincourt ran to his real friend, the Viscount de Valrive, to tell him all that had passed. Never, said he, again will I enter that fatal house. I had heard so flattering an account
of

of this Aurelia that I gave way to my desire of being acquainted with her. Before I ever saw her, I received several letters from her, all of which spoke her a woman of wit and understanding; but she is passionately in love with Damoville, and it is impossible she should have the least discernment; never will I forgive myself the ridiculous scene I have seen playing at her house; but I was vexed, and had lost all command of my temper; I——

And so, my dear Luzincourt, interrupted the Viscount, smiling, thou art in love at last.

I in love! How is it possible I should love a person whose heart is engaged, and who has made so wrong a choice.

You flatter yourself this choice is not yet made; and, indeed, if her head and heart are good, she will soon be undeceived; visit her often, and her prepossessions will soon vanish.

It is not possible I should longer look on Damoville as my friend. I soon found out his principles and sentiments, and yet I loved him. The remembrance of our former friendship imposes duties on me I never can forget; Aurelia shall not learn his character from me.

Nor need she; let her do you justice, and you are certain of obtaining a preference.

I hope at least, she will some time know me incapable of odious vices. I own it is impossible I should not wish for her esteem—I will see her once more, and, if she really loves Damoville, I have the power to be silent; she never shall know my thoughts.

Some days after this conversation, Luzincourt visited Aurelia; he found her alone, and reading, with the tears running down her cheeks. Luzincourt perceived it, and was going to retire; Aurelia called him, and he returned. The book she had been reading lay open on her knees, and she was a moment silent. At last, looking at Luzincourt, she said, A work ought to be very excellent indeed, to move one so much at a second reading. It is about a year since this first appeared, and I read it then; you now see how much it affects me.

Luzincourt, perplexed, said, with a trembling voice, the Author is very happy.

Happy indeed, replied Aurelia; if it be true, he painted his own mind in his work. So saying, she presented the book to Luzincourt, who cast his eyes on a page moistened with Aurelia's tears, and saw, with transport, it was his own writing.

Oh flattering eulogium! cried Luzincourt.

He durst not proceed——Aurelia fixed her eyes upon him. After a few moments, he once more broke silence, and said, Do you then, madam, believe it possible, an Author should truly express sentiments he never felt?

I have always thought the contrary, and yet—
And yet what, madam?

Permit me to speak freely.

I conjure you so to do!

You know how to paint the charms of friendship, in the most affecting manner: but do you know as well how to fulfil its duties?

You have deigned, madam, to speak plainly; may I take the liberty to ask what could have given birth to such a doubt?

My own observations.

Pray heaven, madam, that, with an equitable mind, you may have seen only with your own eyes.

Well, since you wish me to speak without disguise, I must own I was greatly surpris'd at your behaviour, when you last were here.

I acknowledge, replied Luzincourt, smiling, appearances were against me; I felt they were, too forcibly; and it was this sensation, alone, that made me ridiculous.

Luzincourt pronounced these few words in so calm, so natural a tone, that the most circumstantial

stantial explanation could not have been more persuasive. Aurelia, forcibly struck, beheld him with extreme surprize. I cannot conquer my astonishment, said she; you have not given me a single reason, and yet I am convinced.

Such, madam, is the force of truth.

But why were you so confused then?

Unhappily for me, I discovered you were prejudiced against me, and that you suspected me of envying Damoville's success; I was chagrined, and this made me commit so many awkward blunders.

I have wronged you, and I shall never pardon myself.

Aurelia pronounced this sentence with so sincere and graceful a candour, that Luzincourt, transported, was half tempted to throw himself at her feet; he restrained himself, however, and concealed a part of his emotion. Aurelia questioned him further. I confess, said she, I praised your friend's piece, with a little exaggeration, but pray what do you think of it?

It seems to me at least as good as most of the trifles in one act, and in three, which have been played within these fifteen years, and in which they have pretended to exhibit men and manners. I should prefer it, for instance, to the *Circle*, or the *Feinte par Amour*: that over-refined fashionable

able Marquis, who seduces all the women, by shewing them how to embroider, make work-bags, and knit garters, is an imaginary Being that never had existence. Though trifles may sometimes please the women, they certainly would not chuse a man who spent his time in knotting, knitting, and embroidering; such puerilities have only pleased on the stage, because a delightful Actor has given them graces which are purely his own, and because most of the spectators, being ignorant of life, believe this caricature to be a picture of it; but nobody reads these pieces, which they take a pleasure to see.

It is certain no piece can be good, which does not affect us by reading it; yet, do you suppose a bad piece may remain so long on the stage?

It certainly may remain as long as the Actor, who first gave it success.

The duration of our errors is short, in proportion to the length of our lives; we continually deceive ourselves, but we are as quickly undeceived; and, were it not for this happy facility, our momentary and brittle being would exist only in a dream. But who shall dare hope to find the truth, if an illusion may endure fifteen years?

There does not seem to me any great illusion in this: an Actor, inimitable in his walk, is applauded; nothing more. Generally speaking, the
Public

Public do justice to Authors and their works ; but, let me remark, the Town is difficult, in proportion to the length of the piece ; if it be in five acts, it must be perfect ; if in one, they care little how bad it is ; and this is the reason why so many short pieces, below mediocrity, and even below contempt, continue to be played.

Let us return to Damoville. I have only one doubt, which you may remove, for I feel you have gained my confidence. Tell me, if you verily believe you have as sincere a friendship for Damoville as he has for you ?

I perceive, madam, you have much too extravagant an idea of Damoville's friendship for me ; there is no great intimacy, at present, between us ; we keep very different company, and see each other seldom.

I know that, hastily interrupted Aurelia ; but is it his fault or yours ? He certainly considers you as his dearest friend.

No, indeed, madam.

No ! — Why ? —

His dearest friends are those who procured him the pleasure of your acquaintance.

Scarcely had Luzincourt spoken the last word before the door opened, and Damoville was announced. Aurelia blushed—Luzincourt, no longer agitated by his former fears, did not discover the slightest

slightest emotion, while Damoville, in his turn, was somewhat disconcerted. He soon, however, recovered himself, and, according to his plan, began to load Luzincourt with professions of friendship, and reproached him for having said he should go out of town, when he had no such intention.

It is true, said Luzincourt, I had no such intention; I was guilty of deceit, and I did wrong. I suffered for it; you know I am not subject to such meanness; neither am I apt to be out of temper; I own I was the other day, and I have been just confessing it to this lady; she was the innocent cause of my weakness, and, in justice, ought to receive the first apology.

Luzincourt's frankness, and sincerity, surprized and embarrassed Aurelia. As for Damoville, he knew not what to think: his inquietude was excessive. Luzincourt, unwilling to keep him long in pain, rose and took leave of Aurelia; then turning to Damoville, Well remembered, said he, I have a message for you; Madame de Valrive, and Madame de Champrose, wish much to hear your Comedy.

Oh, replied Damoville, I am teized to death on that head. I read it yesterday to the Duchess of —, and she has desired me to repeat it again
to-

to-morrow. People really have no mercy on good nature.

What answer shall I give the ladies?

I have refused Madame de Clary, who has persecuted me beyond all relief; nay, I have positively this very morning, denied to go to the Princess of —.

Am I to understand this as a denial?

To be sure; and let me entreat thee, my dear Luzincourt, not, in future, to undertake any such like messages.

After this final answer, Luzincourt bowed, retired, and left his Rival alone with Aurelia.

N O T E S,

REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES

IN VOL. IV.

(1) **I**T is very certain there exists a method, by which a gentle and industrious child may learn to read currently in fifteen lessons; and the dullest will not need more than four months; while, according to the present method, eighteen months or two years will be necessary. M. Berthaud has taught us, that eighty-eight combinations of the letters, will include all the sounds; that is, he has discovered, that all the words in the French language are included in these eighty-eight consonances; so that those who know their formation (without thinking on the letters which compose them) have learnt to read; and as he has applied a figure to each of these consonances, the child easily remembers it, and learns to read in two months. This method cannot be here circumstantially explained, the work which teaches it must therefore be referred to, the title of which is *Quadrille des Enfants, ou Système nouveau de lecture*. It is sold at Paris, chez Couturier, Quai des Augustins.

The Editor of the last edition of this work, is M. Alexandre; who is the only person that teaches by this method. He lives in the Rue Montmatre au coin de la rue Plâtrière.

It is very extraordinary this method has not yet been universally adopted, since it has been invented near forty years:

years : but such is the attachment of men to an old track, however bad it may be.

(2) A French woman, *Elizabeth Sophie Chéron*, distinguished herself equally in Painting, Poetry, and Music. She played on several instruments, understood Latin, Italian, and Spanish; painted Portraits well, but always in some allegoric and ingenious manner; and has, besides, left several historical Pictures. In the same year, she was made, in quality of Poet, an Academician of *Ricovrati* at Padua, and was received a Painter, in the *Academie Royale de Peinture & de Sculpture* of Paris. She married, when she was 60, her intimate friend, an Engineer, named M. Hay, who was of her own age, and died at 63, in 1711 (a).

Catherine Duchemin, the wife of *Girardon*, a Sculptor—*Geneviève* of Boulogne, and her sister, *Madeleine* of Boulogne, are three other French women, who particularly distinguished themselves in painting. But let us speak now of foreigners.

Anna di Rosa, surnamed *Anella de Massina*, from her Master, painted History with great success (b).

(a) Her most esteemed Historical Pictures are, 1. The Flight into Egypt, with a beautiful Landscape, where the Virgin is seen sleeping, and the Angels taking care of the child Jesus. 2. Cassandra interrogating a Genius, on the Destiny of Troy. 3. The Annunciation. 4. Christ at the Tomb. 5. St. Thomas Aquinas. She has left several agreeable Poems; one, among others, entitled *Les Cerises renversées*, or the Cherries overturned; in which are ease, gaiety, and imagination.

(b) She perished at 36, the victim of jealousy; being poniarded by Augustin Beltrano, her husband, who was hurried away by unjust suspicions.

Sophonisba

Sophonisba Angosciola Lomellina, of a noble family of Cremona, enjoyed and merited great reputation. Philip II. of Spain, invited her to Madrid, where he loaded her with favours, and procured her a most honourable match. Being become a widow, she took to her second husband, Orazio Lomellini, who was one of the most illustrious families in Genoa. She herself taught the principles of her art to her three sisters, Europa, Anna, and Lucia, who all painted with success. Sophonisba lived till she was exceedingly old, and died in 1620.

Lavinia Fontana, and *Antonia Pinelli*, of Bologna, deserve also a place among celebrated Painters.

Maria Elena Panzachia, born at Bologna, in 1668, painted landscapes in a superior style.

Lucia Cassalina, born in 1677, painted History and Portraits with equal success. She married Felix Torelli, one of the best Painters of his time.

Catherine Taraboti, the Scholar of Alexander Varotari, deserves a place among the best Artists of the Venetian School. The sister of Varotari, named Clara, painted Portraits in perfection.

Barbara Burini was born in 1700, and had abilities equal to any already cited.

The Flemish and Dutch Schools have produced women equally celebrated. The famous Sibylla Merian has been already mentioned. Anna Waffer was born at Zurich; she loved letters, wrote good poetry, painted agreeably in oil, but excelled in miniature. She died in 1713, aged 34.

Mademoiselle Verjst was born at Antwerp in 1680; knew Latin, spoke several languages, and painted Portraits and History: the most celebrated Artists have agreed in praising
the

the freshness of her colouring, and the purity of her designs. She went to London, where she died.

Maria Van-Oesterwick is justly placed among the best Artists of Holland. She painted only fruits and flowers; but she painted them in the highest perfection. She died in 1693.

Henrietta Vanpea-Volters, her Father's Scholar, was born at Amsterdam, and was eminent as a Miniature Painter. She died in 1741.

Rachael Ruijch Van-Pool was born at Amsterdam, and was one of those women who most have honoured her country by her manners and talents. Young, without master, without assistance, her taste for drawing led her to copy whatever struck her in paintings or engravings. At length, she was put under the tuition of William Van-Aelst, who was celebrated for his fruits and flowers; in which kind of painting she obtained the highest reputation. The Academy of the Hague received her as one of its members, as they also did Van-Pool her husband, who was a good painter. The Elector Palatine sent her a diploma, constituting her painter to the Court of Dusseldorp. The Prince sent her a letter, accompanied with a magnificent present, and stood godfather to her child. She painted as well at eighty as at thirty, and died, aged eighty-six, in 1750.

The celebrated Van-Huopen excelled in the same style, and had only one scholar, the daughter of a person named Hayerman, who made such an astonishing progress, as even to excite her master's jealousy.

Time has not destroyed the names of all the women of antiquity, who have distinguished themselves as Painters. The most celebrated are,

“ *Timaretta*,

" *Timaretta*, the daughter of Micon, and who excelled in
" the art.

" *Irene*, daughter and scholar of Cratinus.

" *Calypso*.

" *Alcisthene*.

" *Aristarete*, the scholar of her father Nearchus.

" *Lala*, of Cyzicus. No person had a lighter touch;
" she engraved also on ivory.

" *Olympia*, whom Pliny mentions."

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M. P. D. L. F. *Tome I.*

I have collected, from the work above cited, various other circumstances, little known, which appear to me curious and interesting. I have supposed they might be read with pleasure, and, perhaps, excite emulation in the minds of youth, who have a propensity to the fine arts.

" *Polignotus*, the son of Agloophon, a celebrated Painter among the ancients, lived about four hundred and forty years before Christ. He was the first who gave expression to the countenance; and, after having painted several pictures at Delphos, and under the porticoes of Athens, for which he would receive no payment, he was honoured by the Council of the Amphictiones, with the solemn thanks of all Greece, who decreed him apartments in all the cities, at the public expence, ordained him golden crowns, and assigned him an honourable seat in the theatre.

" *Apollodorus*, an Athenian Painter, lived four hundred and four years before Christ; opened a new career, and gave birth to the fine age of painting in Greece. His talents were great; but what was still more to his

" honour,

"honour, he was free from jealousy, a weakness too common among artists. He wrote verses in praise of Zeuxis, his rival, in which he owned himself inferior to that great man.

"*Pamphilus* acquired high reputation, even in the age of *Parrhasius* and *Zeuxis*. He was above other Painters in those advantages, which the cultivation of the Belles Lettres and scientific studies afford. To give his art the greater dignity, he obtained a public decree, which forbade the exercise of it to slaves.

"*Pausus*, the disciple of *Pamphilus* and *Erignmus*, was the first who adorned palaces by painting their ceilings. He immortalized the flower-girl, *Glycera*, with whom he was in love, by representing her composing a garland of flowers.

"*Metrodorus* was both a great Painter and a great Philosopher. He educated the children of *Paulus Æmilius*, and painted his triumph. This hero had demanded two men to execute these two different tasks. *Metrodorus* was thought most capable of fulfilling them both.

"*Quintus-Pedius*, a Roman Painter in the time of *Augustus*, distinguished himself in that art, though born dumb."

We shall now pass on to modern Painters.

"Painting began to be known in Florence about the year 1000. Some Greeks were brought from Constantinople, to paint the choir of a church in Mosaic. The art, however, did not approach perfection till the year 1211, when *John Cimabue* was born. This artist performed several works, which banished the Gothic and barbarous taste that had so long degraded the fine arts.

“ arts. Cimabue was also a good Architect: the protection
 “ afforded him by Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, was
 “ one great means of the progress of the art. Cimabue
 “ died in 1300.

“ *Giotto* was the scholar of Cimabue; his father, who
 “ was a Farmer, sent him to keep his flocks. -Giotto
 “ amused himself with painting them; and Cimabue, who
 “ happened to pass, and seeing him thus employed, per-
 “ suaded him, to go, with him to Florence. Here Giotto
 “ soon equalled his master: among others, he painted
 “ the portrait of Dante: he painted landscapes also, and
 “ cattle; and died in 1336, after attaining the height of
 “ honour and riches.

“ *Anthony Solario*, surnamed Zingaro, a Locksmith,
 “ fell in love with the daughter of Cola Antonio, who,
 “ disdaining his profession, told him, he should never
 “ marry his daughter till he was as good a Painter as
 “ himself. Solario travelled, studied, and at last arrived
 “ at such perfection as to obtain the woman, for whose
 “ sake he became a Painter. He was afterwards a good
 “ Architect, lived to the age of seventy-three, and died
 “ in 1455. He left many scholars, who became excellent
 “ Artists.

“ *Andrew Verrochio* applied himself to Painting and
 “ Sculpture; and instructed himself in the principles of
 “ Architecture, Perspective, and Mathematics: to these
 “ he likewise added the arts of Engraving and Music.
 “ His school was that in which the best Artists of his time
 “ were formed. Such were Peter Perugin, and Leonard
 “ de Vinci. Andrew Verrochio was the first who at-
 “ tempted and succeeded in casting the faces of living

“and dead subjects, to obtain their likenesses. He died
“in 1488.

“*Guido Reni*, best known by the name of Guido, was
“born at Bologna in 1575. He learnt the first prin-
“ciples of painting from Denis Calvart, a good Flemish
“Painter, and afterwards studied in the school of Louis
“Carraccio. According to Guido, the eye was the most
“difficult part of the countenance to paint, to which he
“therefore more studiously applied, and more perfectly
“represented, than any other Artist. His school con-
“tained near two hundred students. He died in 1641 (a).

“*Anthony Balestra*, a great Painter of the Venetian
“School, died in 1740, aged seventy-four. What was
“most singular in him was, he did not attain perfection
“till he was old.

“*Giovanni-Francesco Barbieri*, surnamed Guerchin, or
“the Squinter, was born at Cento, near Bologna, in 1590.
“No Painter ever worked faster than this great Artist.
“Pressed by some Friars for a picture of God the Father,
“for the High Altar of their church, on the eve of their
“feast, he painted it one night by candle-light. He died
“in 1666 (b).

“*Augustin*

(a) Guido's best painting is in Italy, at Bologna, in the Sam-
pietri Palace. The subject is St. Peter in prison, weeping for his
sin.

(b) There is a very striking picture of this master, at Capodi-
monte, near Naples. It is a half-length Magdalen, to which
common

" *Augustin Metelli* was born, in great poverty, at Bologna, and at the age of seventeen had acquired so much perfection that a rich Architect sought him out, and offered to divide his fortune with him, and adopt him for his son; which offer Metelli's love for his father and mother occasioned him to refuse. He afterwards went into Spain, where he received numerous favours from Philip IV. He was an excellent Architect, a man of Literature, and wrote good Poetry. He died at Madrid in 1660.

" The Chevalier *Stanzioni*, a Neapolitan, became famous in Painting and Architecture. He has written four books, full of useful reflections, with the lives of the Painters and Sculptors of his own country. He lived to the age of ninety-six, and died in 1681 (a).

common subject he has given novelty, by his manner of treating it. His *Magdalen* does not express despair, but a sensation more confirmed and profound. Her head is supported by her hand, in which melancholy attitude she contemplates Christ's Crown of Thorns, which lies before her on the table. To celestial beauty her countenance adds expression, as affecting as it is sublime; and represents, with perfect truth, all the reflections to which such meditations might be supposed to give birth.

(a) *Joseph Ribeira*, surnamed the Little Spaniard, was born in poverty, became very industrious, and acquired great perfection. A Cardinal took him to his own house, but the Spaniard finding himself too much at his ease, and observing his industry slacken, he fled from the Cardinal for that sole reason, recovered his love of labour, and made a great fortune. He died 1746.

“ *Juan-Fernandes Ximenes de Navarreta*, known by the
 “ surname of *el Mudo* (the Dumb) is called, by the
 “ greatest Artists, the Spanish Titian. He was celebrated
 “ by the most famous Spanish Poets, and died in Spain
 “ in 1572 (a).

THE FLEMISH, DUTCH, AND FRENCH SCHOOLS.

“ *Louis de Deyster*, born at Bruges, was a great Painter,
 “ and an admirer of the Italian manner. He amused him-
 “ self with making harpsichords, organs, violins, and clocks.
 “ *Anne Deyster*, his daughter, drew well, and made copies
 “ of her father’s works, which have often been mistaken
 “ for the originals. She was likewise a Musician, played
 “ on all instruments, and excellently on the harpsichord.
 “ Deyster died in 1711.

“ *Oelavins Van-Veen*, a good Painter, died at Brussels in
 “ 1634, and left two daughters, Gertrude and Cornelia,
 “ who both excelled in painting.

“ *Gerard Terburg*, born in the province of Overyssel,
 “ an excellent Artist, died in 1681. Netscher, Coutson,
 “ and Koetz, were his disciples, and his sisters; Maria
 “ Terburg, his daughter, sketched out his works, which
 “ were as much esteemed as if they had been totally his
 “ own.

“ *John Both*, born at Utrecht, surnamed Both of Italy,
 “ because of his long stay in that country with Andrew

(a) John Holbein, surnamed the Young, a German, could
 paint only with his left hand. The Dance of Death, at Basil, is
 by him, and represents Death destroying all human grandeur. I
 have seen the picture; I found it impossible to understand its
 beauties, but it is admired by all Connoisseurs. Holbein died at
 London in 1554.

“ Both, his brother, succeeded so well in imitating the
 “ colouring of Claude Lorrain, that the reputation of
 “ Claude was diminished; and the more so, because the
 “ figures of Andrew Both, his brother, which were inserted
 “ in his landscapes, were infinitely superior to those of
 “ Claude. John and Andrew always lived in the greatest
 “ unity; and their pictures, though done by two different
 “ hands, seemed but the work of one. John Both had the
 “ misfortune, in 1650, to lose his brother, who drowned
 “ himself; and John died of grief, the same year, at the
 “ age of forty.

“ *Peter de Laar*, was surnamed the Bamboche, in Italy,
 “ because of his uncouth form, or rather because he was
 “ the author of that species of grotesque painting in which
 “ we find those kind of figures called Bambochades. He
 “ travelled into France and Italy, and died at Harlem 1675,
 “ aged sixty-two (a).

“ *John*

(a) The celebrated Erasmus, born at Amsterdam, and so well known in the literary world, was an excellent Painter. The merits of his paintings is attested by the Artists of his time. He ornamented the monastery of Emmaus, which is now destroyed with his works; nor do we find that one of his pictures has been preserved.

Adrian Vander Weff is the Painter, who, among the Dutch, has discovered most taste and genius. He was born at Rotterdam in 1659, and applied himself to paint history in small. The Elector Palatine heaped benefits upon him, and created him a Knight. Vander Weff died at Amsterdam in the year 1727. There is a great collection of Paintings by this Artist at Dusseldorf. Among them there is one which is a master-piece of expression: it represents Christ on the Cross, the Virgin fainting,

"*John Cousin* may be looked upon as the first French Painter of eminence. He was born near Sens, lived in
" 1589,

and Magdalen kneeling, weeping, and looking at the Virgin. The figure of Magdalen is admirable for its pathos and reality.

There are several Painters at present in Flanders, of superior merit. Among others are, M. Lyens at Brussels; M. Heryens, at Malines; and M. Varagen, at Louvain; all three History Painters. The latter is indebted to himself only for his talents, and to the generosity of M. Lyens for his celebrity. All the Painters of Flanders were astonished, to see excellent pictures in circulation, the author of which was unknown. The freshness of the colouring informed them they were newly painted, yet all inquiries to know where they came from were fruitless. M. Lyens, more struck than the rest by this singularity, determined, if possible, to discover this anonymous Painter, who deserved so well to be known; and for this purpose travelled through the towns of Flanders, and visited all the young Painters he could get any intelligence of. He came at last to Louvain, which town he was ready to quit, without finding what he was in search of. He happened however to be told, there was another man in Louvain who busied himself about Painting, but who worked merely for subsistence; was unknown to every body, and, no doubt, a poor Dauber, as execrable as obscure. M. Lyens determined to visit the man, whose wife every day kept a stall in the street, where she sold matches. The husband was shut up in his garret, whither M. Lyens mounted. The lodging, and simplicity of the man, gave no new animation to his hopes: he asked, however, to see a picture.—I have but one, said the man; there is a deal of work in it, and it is very dear.—What is the price?—Oh, I must have four guineas for it; I cannot afford it for less; I have been at work on it these three months.—Well, let me see it.—The good
man

" 1589, and acquired great reputation during the reigns of
 " Henry II. Francis II. Charles IX. and Henry III. He
 " practised Sculpture with success, understood Mathematics
 " and Anatomy, and was an able Architect. He painted
 " much on glass, which was then in great esteem; and like-
 " wise on canvas.

" *Simon Vouet* died 1641. Most of the eminent French
 " Painters of the last age were his scholars. Such were
 " Le Bruur, Le Sueur, Le Valentin, Jean-Baptiste Mole,
 " Aubin, Claude Vouet, François Perrier, Pierre Mignard,
 " Nicolas Chaperon, Charles Poerson, Dorigny, the father,
 " Louis and Henri Testelin, Alphonse Dufresnoi, and many
 " others.

" *Charles Alphonse Dufresnoi*, was a good Poet, a good
 " Painter, an able Architect, and understood Latin, Greek,
 " and the Mathematics. No Painter came so near Titian
 " as Dufresnoi. He has left a beautiful poem on Painting,

man brought out his picture, and presented it to M. Lyens, who
 instantly exclaimed, with transport, *I have found him at last!*

The rest of the conversation added to the astonishment of M.
 Lyens, who learnt, this excellent Painter had never had a mas-
 ter: that he was the Scholar of Nature only: that he had never
 suspected his own superiority; and that he had constantly sold his
 pictures, for fifteen years, to a fellow, who had been dishonest
 enough to take advantage of his situation and simplicity; and
 give him a vile price for pictures, which he sold excessively dear.
 M. Lyens had the glory to draw talents from obscurity, which he
 knew how to admire. He introduced M. Varagen to the world,
 who owes the reputation and wealth he at present possesses, to this
 generous Artist.

" which has been translated into all languages, He died
" in 1665.

" *Claude Gelée*, called Lorrain, was a famous Landscape
" Painter, born in the diocese of Toul, in Lorrain, and died
" at Rome in 1682, aged eighty-two.

" *Sebastian Bourdon*, a great French Painter, died at Paris
" in 1671, aged fifty-five. There are many of his works
" in Paris: among others, the crucifixion of St. Peter in
" the church of Notre-Dame, which is thought to be his
" chef-d'œuvre.

" *Eustache le Sueur*, born at Paris in 1617, became a
" sublime Painter, without ever having seen Italy. The
" paintings of the Cloister of the Chartreux at Paris, by him,
" have occasioned him to be compared to Raphael.

" The celebrated *le Brun* was born at Paris, and died
" in 1690. At twelve years old he painted his grand-
" father's portrait. In the collection of the Palais-Royal,
" are two pictures painted by him at fourteen; one is
" Hercules taming the horses of Diomedes; the other
" that same hero offering sacrifice. Louis XIV. com-
" manded him to paint the principal actions of his reign;
" and le Brun ingeniously and allegorically united Fable
" and History, by which happy assemblage he formed a
" kind of epic poem of the acts of Louis, with which he
" enriched the Gallery at Versailles. The King ordered
" le Brun likewise to ornament the gallery of the Louvre,
" with the acts of Alexander the Great. Among the best
" paintings of this Artist are distinguished the Martyrdom
" of St. Stephen and of St. Andrew at Notre-Dame; a
" Penitent Magdalen at the Carmelites, Rue Saint-Jacques;
" the Resurrection of Jesus Christ in the Church of St.
" Sepulchre, Rue Saint-Denis; a Presentation to the
" Temple

" Temple of the Capuchins of the Fauxbourg, Saint-
 " Jacques; the cieling of the Seminary Chapel of Saint-
 " Sulpice, representing the Assumption, and thought to be
 " one of the best of his works; the famous picture of
 " Moses presenting the Brazen Serpent to the Israelites, in
 " the Convent of Picpus; St. Charles kneeling, and im-
 " ploring divine mercy for the city of Milan, at St. Nicolas
 " du Chardonneret; the Massacre of the Innocents, at the
 " Palais-Royal, &c.

" *Jean Jouvenet*, a great Painter, having received a
 " paralytic stroke in his right hand, came, by force of in-
 " dustry, to paint equally well with his left. Restout, the
 " Nephew, was his best scholar. He died in 1717.

" *Antoine Coypel* was received a Member of the Aca-
 " demy of Painting at the age of twenty, and died in
 " 1722.

" *Francois le Moine* was born at Paris. When he had
 " painted the cupola of the Virgin's Chapel at the church
 " of Saint-Sulpice, where he represented the Assumption,
 " Louis XIV. chose him to paint the Grand Saloon at
 " Versailles, which has since been called the Saloon of
 " Hercules. *Le Moine* there represented the apotheosis
 " of this hero. This grand and magnificent composition
 " included more than one hundred and forty figures,
 " sustained on one base, in the midst of which are repre-
 " sented the principal labours of Hercules, in counterfeit
 " stucco; the whole work is distributed into several groups,
 " and was finished in 1736, after four years assiduous labour.
 " It ought to be looked upon as the greatest in Europe,
 " and as an immortal monument of the genius of its author.
 " Violent grief deprived this great Artist of his reason, and
 " he died of several stabs which he gave himself with a

" sword, in 1737, aged forty-nine. Le Moine made a short
 " trip to Italy, but he only passed six months there. His
 " principal scholars were Boucher, Natoire, Nonotte, le
 " Bel, and Challes.

" *Jean Petitot* is looked upon as the first who brought
 " Painting in enamel to perfection. He was born at Ge-
 " neva, in 1607, and was originally a Jeweller. Vandyke,
 " having seen his works, advised him to apply himself to
 " Portrait Painting, and received him among his pupils.
 " He soon obtained great perfection, and was assisted by
 " Bordier, his brother-in-law, who painted the drapery,
 " head-dresses, &c. of his Portraits. Petitot was held in
 " great estimation by Charles I. of England. After the
 " death of that Monarch, he attached himself to Charles II.
 " and followed him to France. Louis XIV. retained this
 " Painter in his service, and Petitot was received an Acade-
 " mician. He lived 36 years at Paris, where he divided
 " a million (41,666l. sterling) with Bordier, which they
 " had amassed together, without ever having had the least
 " difference. At the revocation of the Edict of Nantes,
 " Petitot retired into his own country, and died in 1691,
 " at the age of 84, in the Canton of Berne."

For reasons before cited, I have thought it would not
 be improper to add a list of the principal Sculptors, ancient
 and modern, and a small abridgment of the History of
 Architecture. I have taken those extracts from the Encyclo-
 pædia, and have, as before, occasionally added Notes,
 from the Diary of my Travels, the exactitude of which may
 be depended upon.

ANCIENT SCULPTORS.

"The names of the Egyptian Sculptors have not come down to us; and the Greeks have effaced all those of Rome.

"*Apollonius* and *Tauriscus*, two Rhodians, conjointly executed the celebrated Antique of Zethus and Amphion tying Dirce (a) to a Bull. It is all one block of marble, even to the very cords, is still in existence, and known by the name of the Farnese Bull (b).

"*Phidias*, a native of Athens, flourished about the year of the world 3556, in the 83d Olympiad. It was he, who, after the Battle of Marathon, worked on a block of marble, which the Persians, in expectation of victory, had brought to erect as a trophy. He turned it into a *Nemesis*, the Goddess whose function it is to humble haughty men. The chef-d'œuvre of Phidias was his Olympian Jove, which was thought one of the seven wonders of the world. Phidias was actuated and

(a) Dirce was Queen of Thebes, to marry whom Lycus had repudiated Antiope. Jupiter fell in love with the latter, took the form of Lycus to deceive her, and pretended a reconciliation. Dirce believing Lycus visited Antiope, imprisoned her, and made her suffer great hardships. Antiope, at last, escaped, and was brought to bed of Zethus and Amphion, on Mount Cythero, whom she delivered to the care of shepherds. The young Princes, at length, to revenge their mother, had the barbarity to tie Dirce to the tail of a mad bull, and she was dashed to pieces.—*Dict. de la Fable*.

(b) It is much more remarkable for the prodigious size of the block of marble, than for the beauty of the workmanship.

“inspired in the construction of this statue, by a spirit
“of vengeance against the Athenians, of whom he had
“a right to complain; and by a desire that his ungrateful
“country should not possess his best work, for he was then
“labouring for the Eleans. To honour the memory of
“the Artist, they created a new office in favour of his
“descendants, which was to take care of this statue.
“The statue was of gold and ivory, sixty feet high, and
“made every succeeding Sculptor despair of arriving at
“such excellence.

“The Athenian Minerva of Phidias, says Pliny, was
“twenty-six cubits high, of ivory and gold; on the
“borders of the Goddess’s shield Phidias represented, in
“bas-relief, the Combat of the Amazons; and within,
“that of the Gods and Giants. He depicted the Battle of
“the Centaurs, and Lapithæ on her buskins; and deco-
“rated the base of the statue by a basso-relievo of the birth
“of Pandora. The composition contained the birth of
“twenty other Gods; the Serpent and the Sphynx, on
“which the Goddess rested her lance, were particularly
“admired. These circumstances have only been described
“by Pliny, and indeed they were lost to the spectators;
“for the shield of Minerva being ten feet in diameter,
“these ornaments could not be seen distinctly enough
“to judge of their merit on a figure near forty feet high,
“and which was still raised higher by being placed on
“a pedestal; it was not therefore, in these small ob-
“jects, that the principal merit of the statue of Minerva
“consisted.

“*Polycletes* was born at Sicyon, a city of Pelopon-
“nesus, and lived in the 87th Olympiad; his works
“were invaluable. That which acquired him the highest
“reputation,

“ reputation, was the statue of a Doryphorus, that is to
 “ say, a Guard of the King of Persia. In this statue all
 “ the proportions of the human body were so happily
 “ preserved, that they came from all parts to consult it
 “ as a perfect model; so that it was called, by Judges,
 “ *The Rule*.

“ *Zenodorus* flourished in the time of Nero, and was
 “ famed for a prodigious statue of Mercury, and afterwards
 “ for the Colossus of Nero (*a*), which was 110 or 120 feet
 “ high; Vespasian took away the head of Nero, and in
 “ its stead placed the head of Apollo, adorned with seven
 “ rays, each of which were seven feet and a half long.

“ The Venus de Medicis (*b*) bears the name of Cleome-
 “ nes, the son of Apollodorus, the Athenian.

“ The Farnese Hercules; bears that of Glycon, an
 “ Athenian.

“ The Pallas, in the Ludovisi gardens, at Rome; that
 “ of Antiochus, the son of Illas.

“ The Borghese Gladiator; that of Agasias, the son of
 “ Olytheus, an Ephesian.

“ The Torfus of Belvedere (*c*), by Apollonius, the son
 “ of Nestor, an Athenian.

“ The

(*a*) One of the finest ruins at Rome, the Coliseum, is said to
 have taken its name from this statue, which anciently stood
 there. The Gladiators fought in the Coliseum. Benedict XIV.
 spoilt the inside of this admirable monument of antiquity, by
 building little chapels in it.

(*b*) This fine statue is at Florence, in the Gallery of the Grand
 Duke.

(*c*) At Rome there is the trunk of a human figure, which is
 called the Antique, or Herculean Torfus; it is very famous, and
 is

" The name of Callimachus is seen on a basso-relievo,
 " representing Bacchants and a Faun in the Albani Pa-
 " lace (a).

" The Apotheosis of Homer, in the Colonna Palace,
 " bears, on a vase, the name of Archelaus, the son of
 " Apollonius.

" It is singular, as M. de Caylus remarks, that, of all
 " these names, only the four first are mentioned by Pliny ;
 " and still more so, that none of these seven statues are
 " noticed by him. The Laocoon (b) and the Dirce are
 " the only remaining works of which he speaks. On the
 " other hand, we ought not to be surprized at the silence
 " of

is in the Museum. The fighting Gladiator is in the Borghese Palace, and the dying Gladiator in the Capitol.

(a) The Albani Palace is without the walls of Rome, and one of the finest in Italy. It is immense, of most superb architecture, and decorated with obelisks, fountains, columns of precious marble, basso-relievo, and most beautiful antique statues. It contains some paintings, a cieling by Mengs, and one thing said to be Unique, which is an antique statue of a female Satyr: such a figure being, as it is asserted, no where else to be found but in Basso-relievo.

(b) Laocoon, the son of Priam and Hecuba, and High Priest of Apollo, opposed the entrance of the Trojan horse, but was overruled. At the same time, two enormous serpents came from the sea, and assaulted his children at the foot of the Altar. He ran to succour them, and was strangled with them, by the monsters twisting round their bodies.—*Dict. de la Fable*.

The Grecian Sculptor has taken the point of time, when, unable to get free from the Serpents, Laocoon and his children are almost expiring. The sculpture is thought admirable, though the children

“ of Pausanias, relative to all the beautiful statues of
 “ Rome; when he travelled through Greece, they were
 “ transported into Italy, for the Romans had been 300
 “ years endeavouring to rob Greece of its Pictures and
 “ Statues. The Roman Sculpture had but a short reign,
 “ and was never brought to such perfection. It began to
 “ languish under Tiberius, and the bust of Caracalla is
 “ looked upon as its expiring sigh. It did not revive till
 “ the pontificate of Julius II. and Leo X. after which it
 “ was called *Modern Sculpture*.”

MODERN SCULPTORS.

“ *Donato*, born at Florence, lived in the fifteenth cen-
 “ tury. The Senate of Venice chose him to make the
 “ Equestrian statue in bronze, which the public erected to
 “ *Gatamelata*, the Grand Captain, who, from the lowest
 “ extraction, arrived to the rank of General of the Vene-
 “ tian armies, and gained several remarkable victories;
 “ but the Chef-d’œuvre of Donato was a Judith cutting off
 “ the head of Holofernes.

“ *Rossi Propertia* flourished at Bologna, under the pon-
 “ tificate of Clement VII. Music was her amusement,
 “ Sculpture her occupation. At first she modelled her
 “ figures in clay, afterwards carved in wood, and, at last,
 “ in stone. She decorated the front of the church of St.
 “ Petronia with several statues in marble, which procured
 “ her great praise; but an unhappy passion for a young

children are said to be too small. The most beautiful and perfect
 of all the Antique Statues is the Belvedere Apollo, which people,
 ignorant of the art, cannot behold without admiration. Apollo
 is represented just after he has killed the Serpent Python.

“ man,

“ man, who was insensible to her love, threw her into a
 “ kind of languor, that put an end to her days. Her best
 “ and last work was a basso-relievo of Joseph and Poti-
 “ phar’s wife.

“ *Goujon*, a Parisian, flourished under the reigns of Fran-
 “ cis I. and Henry II. A modern author has called him
 “ the *Corregio of Sculpture*, because he always consulted the
 “ graces. No person better understood figures of demi-
 “ relief, nor can any thing be finer in this way than his
 “ *Fontaine des Innocens*. Rue St. Denis, at Paris; the works
 “ of *Goujon* were seen at the gate of Saint Antoine; he
 “ was also a good Architect.

“ *Nicolas Bachelier* was the Scholar of Michael Angelo;
 “ he lived at Toulouse, under the reign of Francis I. where
 “ he established good taste, and banished the Gothic man-
 “ ner, till then in use.

“ *Baccio Bandinelli*, born at Florence, was greatly esteemed
 “ as a Sculptor. It was he who replaced the right-arm of
 “ the *Laocoon*; he died 1559.

“ *John of Bologna* died at Florence, towards the begin-
 “ ning of the seventeenth century, and was an excellent
 “ Painter; he ornamented the public square of Florence
 “ with that marble groupe which is still there to be seen,
 “ of the Rape of the Sabines. The Horse, on which the
 “ statue of Henry IV. has since been placed, in the middle
 “ of the Pont-Neuf, at Paris, is by him.

“ *John Gonelli*, surnamed the Blind, of Cambassi, from
 “ the place of his birth, in Tuscany, died at Rome, under
 “ the pontificate of Urban VIII. He was the Scholar of
 “ *Pietro Tacca*, and discovered genius, but lost his sight
 “ at the age of 20. This misfortune did not prevent
 “ him from exercising his art, which he did by feeling
 “ alone.

" alone. The statue of Cosmo I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, was thus performed by him, and he had equal success in various other of his works.

" *Pierre Puget*, an admirable Sculptor, good Painter, and an excellent Architect, was born at Marseilles in 1623; he embellished Toulon, Marseilles, and Aix, with various Pictures, which still do honour to the churches of the Capuchins and the Jesuits; such are his Annunciation, his Baptism of Constantine, and his Picture called the Saviour of the world. The Education of Achilles was his last Painting. The Crotonian Milo is the first and best statue which was seen at Versailles, done by Puget. This admirable Artist died at Marseilles in 1694, aged 72.

" *Jacques Sarazin*, born at Noyon, was contemporary with Puget. The tomb of Cardinal Berulli, in the church of the Carmelites, Fauxbourg Saint-Jacques, is by this excellent Artist. Among his works at Versailles we ought not to forget Remus and Romulus suckled by a goat, and another group at Marli, in equal estimation, representing Two Children at Play with a He-Goat.

" *Theodon*, born in France in the seventeenth century, was an able Sculptor.

" *Algardi*, an Italian, flourished about the middle of the 17th century. Among other works of this superior Artist, his Basso-relievo is much admired, which represents St. Peter and St. Paul in the clouds, menacing Attila, going to sack Rome. This Basso-relievo serves as a Picture to one of the small altars of the great church of St. Peter.

" *Michael*

" *Michael Anguier*, died in 1680, and was the brother of
 " *Francis Anguier*, who, like himself, was also a distin-
 " guished Artist; he is well known for his marble *Amphi-*
 " *theatre* in the park at Versailles; his works at the gate
 " of Saint Denis; his figures at the portal of the Val-de-
 " Grace; and by various others.

" *John-Lawrence Bernini*, called the Cavalier Bernini,
 " was born at Naples, in 1598. Louis XIV. invited him
 " to Paris in 1665.

" *François Desjardins*, a native of Breda, died in 1694.
 " He executed the monument of *La Place de Victoires*, at
 " Paris.

" *François Girardon*, born at Troye, in Champagne,
 " has almost equalled antiquity by his Baths of Apollo;
 " his tomb of Cardinal de Richelieu, which is in the
 " church of the Sorbonne; and by his Statue of
 " Louis XIV. which stands in the Place Vendome; he
 " made also a good Bust of Boileau. Girardon died in
 " 1698.

" *Jean-Baptiste Tuby*, called the Roman, holds a distin-
 " guished rank among the Artists who appeared under the
 " reign of Louis XIV. The Mausoleum of the Viscount
 " de Turenne, interred at Saint Denis, was designed by le
 " Brun, and executed by Tuby. Immortality is seen hold-
 " ing a crown with one hand, and sustaining Turenne with
 " the other; Wisdom and Virtue stand on each side him;
 " the first astonished at the fatal stroke, which robbed
 " France of this hero; the other plunged in consterna-
 " tion. Tuby died at Paris in 1700.

" *Zumbo*,

" *Zumbo*, born at Syracuse, had no other master but his
 " own genius; he worked wholly in coloured wax, which
 " he prepared after a particular manner. Warren and le
 " Bel knew the secret before him, but the works of our
 " Artist excelled all others of this kind. *Zumbo* exe-
 " cuted, for the Grand Duke of Tuscany, that renowned
 " subject *la Corruzione* (the Corruption;) a work curious
 " for its exactitude and great natural knowledge. It con-
 " sists of five figures, coloured after nature: the first re-
 " presents a dying man, the second a corpse, the third the
 " body beginning to putrify, the fourth putrefaction ad-
 " vanced, and the fifth putrefaction at its height, which
 " cannot be beheld without a kind of horror. The Grand
 " Duke placed the work in his Cabinet (a). *Zumbo* died
 " at Paris, in 1701.

" *John Balthazar Keller*, incomparable in the art of
 " casting in bronze, was born at Zurich. He came to
 " France, where, on the last day of December, 1692, he
 " produced his Equestrian Statue of Louis XIV. (b) which
 " is twenty feet high, and all one piece, as may be seen in
 " the Place Vendôme. There are other admirable works
 " of his in the gardens of Versailles, and elsewhere.
 " Louis XIV. made him Intendant of the Arsenal Foun-
 " dery. He died in 1702. His brother, Jean-Jaques, was
 " also very skilful in the same profession.

" *Pierre le Gros* was born at Paris, in 1666, and died at
 " Rome in 1719; in which city he had a part in the most

(a) At Florence, where it is still to be seen.

(b) There is some inaccuracy in the account of this statue; it has just before been attributed to François Girardon. T.

" superb

“ superb pieces of Sculpture that capital of the fine arts
 “ has produced. Such are his Louis Gonzago, over the
 “ altar of the Roman College, which has been engraved;
 “ his Basso-relievo of Mount-Piety; his Tomb of Cardinal
 “ Caffanata; his Statue of Stanislaus Koska, dying, in the
 “ Noviciate of the Jesuits (a); and his Triumph of Religion
 “ over Heresy, in the church of Giezu. The Bass-relievo,
 “ in the church of *Saint Jaque des Incurables*, at Paris, by
 “ this Artist, is well known.

“ *Antoine Coysevox* was born at Lyons, in 1640. The
 “ great stair-case, the garden, and the gallery, at Versailles,
 “ are ornamented by his Sculpture. Several of the Tombs
 “ which decorate the churches at Paris are by him; his
 “ two prodigious groups, of Mercury and Fame, sitting on
 “ winged horses, are well known; they were placed in
 “ the gardens at Marli, in 1702; each group, sustained by
 “ a trophy, was cut from a block of marble; and this
 “ celebrated Artist laboured with such surprizing fire, and
 “ a correctness so uncommon, that he compleated them
 “ both in two years. However, perhaps, the work would
 “ suffer, if compared with the Marcus Curtius of Bernini,
 “ at Versailles. Coysevox died in 1720.

“ *Nicholas Coustou* was born at Lyons, in 1658, and died
 in 1733; he was the Scholar of Coysevox. Without en-

(a) A church called at present St. Andrew's. The Statue of
 Le Gros is in great repute, and affords fine touches, but it wants
 expression. The face is too fleshy, the hands too fat, and the figure
 is a Picture of Sleep rather than Pain. The Saint is in his reli-
 gious habit; his gown is black marble, the rest white. We have
 before observed this is false taste.

“ entering

“ entering into a detail of his works, it will be sufficient to
 “ cite the fine Statue of the Emperor Commodus, under
 “ the form of Hercules, in the gardens at Versailles. The
 “ Pedestrian Statue of Julius Cæsar, the Rivers Seine and
 “ Marne, in the Tuilleries, and the Vow of Louis XIII.
 “ behind the high altar of Notre Dame, at Paris. His
 “ name, celebrated in the arts, is likewise sustained, with
 “ great distinction, by Messieurs Coustou, who belonged to
 “ the same Academy.—There have been many other
 “ good Sculptors.”

ARCHITECTURE.

“ Ancient authors allow the Egyptians to have first built
 “ with symmetry and proportion, but Greece ought to
 “ be regarded as the birth-place of good Architecture (*a*).
 “ Among the Romans, it arrived at its highest perfection
 “ in the time of Augustus (*b*); it began to be neglected
 “ under Tiberius and Nero; was raised again by Trajan,
 “ and protected by Alexander Severus, who could not im-
 “ pede its downfall with the Empire of the West; from
 “ the ruins of which it did not rise again for several ages.
 “ It then took a new form called Gothic, which subsisted
 “ wholly till Charlemagne endeavoured to re-establish the
 “ ancient mode. Architecture afterwards became as much
 “ too light as it before had been too heavy; the Builders
 “ of those times placed their beauties in a delicacy and

(*a*) The best days of Architecture, among the Greeks, was the Age of Pericles.

(*b*) The famous Pantheon was built under the reign of Augustus.

“ profusion

“ profusion of ornaments till then unknown ; which taste
 “ they received from the Arabs and Moors, who brought
 “ it into France from the Southern Countries, as the
 “ Goths and Vandals had brought the heavy Gothic from
 “ the North. It is only within these two last centuries
 “ that the Architects of France and Italy have applied
 “ themselves to recover the beauty, simplicity, and pro-
 “ portion of ancient Architecture.”

The continuation of this Extract is taken from an estimable work, in two volumes, entitled *Vies des Architectes Anciens & Modernes* ; translated from the Italian, by M. Pingeron.

Besides the six orders of Architecture, says M. Pingeron, there are two other bastard ones, called the Attic and the Cariatid ; the last of which thus took its rise.

“ The Carians having joined the Persians, the other
 “ Greeks declared against them, took their city, put their
 “ men to the sword, and carried away their women cap-
 “ tive. Not contented to lead them like slaves, in the
 “ triumphs of their Generals, they insisted that their Ar-
 “ chitects should sustain the entablatures of their public
 “ buildings, by figures of women, representing the Ca-
 “ rians ; and these were substituted instead of columns.
 “ The Lacedæmonians did the same thing after the bat-
 “ tle of Platea : they built a vast gallery, which they
 “ called *Persian*, the roof of which was sustained by Sta-
 “ tues, habited like the Captives they had taken from the
 “ Persians.

“ History informs us, Ninus built Nineveh, the form
 “ of which city was a parallelogram, or oblong square,
 “ twenty-four French leagues in circumference ; and it’s
 “ walls were so thick, three chariots might drive abreast
 “ upon them. They were 100 feet high, and were de-

“ fended by 1500 towers, each 100 feet high. Semiramis,
“ not contented with this vast city, built in its neighbour-
“ hood the famous Babylon, perfectly square, each side of
“ which was five French leagues, and enclosed it within
“ twenty-five gates of brass. The Euphrates ran through
“ the midst of it; and at it's two extremities stood the
“ sovereign Palaces, which were surrounded by Terraces
“ sustained by Arcades. The magnificent Temple of
“ Jupiter Belus was at Babylon, which was 212 fathoms
“ high, and the same breadth at the base. It consisted of
“ eight square towers, placed one upon the other, and
“ diminished by degrees. The spectator might suppose
“ he there beheld the remains of the famous Tower of
“ Babel, which St. Jerome thinks was built to the height
“ of three miles, 3379 fathoms. Some pretend, that
“ Ninus, Belus, and Semiramis not only commanded these
“ enormous works, but made plans of them, and presided
“ at their execution.

“ *Trophonius* and *Agamedes*, who lived 1400 years before
“ Christ, were the first Grecian Architects mentioned in
“ History.

“ *Theodorus*, who lived seven hundred years before Christ,
“ was an Architect and Sculptor, and is said to be the
“ inventor of locks, the rule, the level, and the turning
“ lath (a).

“ *Satyrus* and *Petus* designed and built the tomb which
“ *Artemisia* erected in *Halicarnassus*, to *Mausoleus*, King
“ of *Caria*.

“ *Dinocrates* was the Architect that *Alexander* employed
“ in the building of *Alexandria*.

(a) *Calus*, the nephew of *Dedalus*, whom *Ovid* calls *Perdix*,
invented the saw and the compass.

“ *Cossutius*

“ *Cossutius* was the first Roman Architect who built
“ after the manner of the Greeks, 200 years before
“ Christ.

“ *Vitruvius* lived under the reign of Augustus, to whom
“ he dedicated his Treatise on Architecture. This Treatise is come down to us.

“ *Apollodorus* constructed the famous Trajan Pillar; but
“ the most celebrated work of Trajan and Apollodorus
“ was, the bridge they built over the Danube, in the Lower
“ Hungary, vestiges of which still remain. It was more
“ than 300 feet high, and about 800 perches long, which
“ make half a league. The two extremities of the bridge
“ were defended by two fortresses, yet this bridge is nothing when compared to those which might be seen in
“ China. Among others, we are told of one with a hundred arches, so high, that a vessel may pass under in
“ full sail. It is built of large blocks of white marble,
“ over which is a ballustrade, with pedestals on each side
“ of marble lions. There are many bridges in China, to
“ pass from one mountain to another. Near King-tung is
“ a wooden-bridge, supported by twenty chains, fastened
“ at each end to a mountain.

“ After the death of Trajan, Adrian built a Temple
“ from his own designs. He sent his plans to Apollodorus, who replied, that if the Goddesses and other Statues,
“ which were seated in the Temple, should take a fancy
“ to rise, they would run the risk of breaking their heads
“ against the ceiling. This criticism is said to have cost
“ him his life.

“ *Nicon*, father to the famous Physician Galen, was
“ also an Architect. Galen himself had some knowledge
“ ledge

“ ledge of Architecture, and wrote well on its principles.

“ *Sennamar*, an Arabian Architect, lived in the fifteenth century. He built two Palaces, one of which was called *Sadir*, and the other *Khaovarnack*, which the Arabs place among the wonders of the world; and with justice, if what they say be not fabulous. One single stone sustained, they knew not how, every part of the edifice; so that had that stone been taken away, the building must have fallen in ruins.

“ *Antenius*, in conjunction with *Isidorus of Miletus*, built the famous Church of *Sancta Sophia*, at *Constantinople*, by order of the Emperor *Justinian*. This vast edifice was first built by *Constantine*, but was burnt and rebuilt several times. *Justinian* determined to make it a magnificent Temple: its site is on the summit of a little hill, that overlooks the city; the plan is almost a perfect square, for it is 252 feet long, and 228 wide; from the centre of the cupola to the floor is 80 feet; it is full of Pillars of Marble, Porphyry, &c. and has nine magnificent gates of Bronze. Alabaster, Porphyry, Ophites, Mother-of-Pearl, and Cornelian are not spared within or without this edifice. *Antenius* was not only the Architect, but the Sculptor likewise; and also a skilful Mechanic.

“ *Busquetto*, of Grecian origin, was entrusted with the building of the Cathedral at *Pisa* in 1016, which is one of the most beautiful of that age.

“ *Williams*, a German, in 1174, built, with *Bonano* and *Thomonazo*, two Pisan Sculptors, the famous Steeple of *Pisa*. This edifice, which is entirely of marble, is 250 palms high. Its owes its fame to its inclination,

“ which is seventeen palms (a) out of a right line, and
 “ was the consequence of an accident during it's construc-
 “ tion. The same accident happened to the Tower of
 “ Garisendi, at Bologna; the inclination of the latter,
 “ however, is not so great.

“ *Suger*, Abbot of Saint Dennis, was said to be one of
 “ the ablest architects of his time.

“ *Robert de Covey*, who died 1311, finished the Church
 “ of Saint Nicaise, at Rheims, which is esteemed for the
 “ delicacy of it's ornaments, and the beauty of it's pro-
 “ portions.

“ *William Wickham*, an Englishman, who died in 1404,
 “ gave the plan of Windsor-Castle, and of the magnificent
 “ Cathedral at Winchester.

“ *Brunelleschi*, a Florentine, who died in 1440, was a ce-
 “ lebrated Architect, and built the palace Pitti, at Flo-
 “ rence, in which the Grand Duke of Tuscany resides.

“ *Bramanti* died in 1514. The round little Temple, so
 “ much admired in the midst of the cloister of Saint Peter
 “ Montorio, is one of the most esteemed works of Bra-
 “ manti. Bramanti laid the foundation of Saint Peter's at
 “ Rome; but his successors made so many alterations, that
 “ his plans have little to do with the building.

“ *Sansovin*, who died in 1570, was a famous Archi-
 “ tect. His best work is the library of Saint Mark's, at
 “ Venice.

“ *Philibert de l'Orme* was born at Lyons, and died in
 “ 1577. He endeavoured to abolish the Gothic Architec-
 “ ture, and substitute the Grecian. The horse-shoe stair-
 “ case at Fontainebleau, is by de l'Orme.

(a) The palm, where it is the usual measure, is about eight
 inches three lines French.

“ *Vignoli*

" *Vignoli* was born in Modena, and died in 1573. He wrote a Treatise on the Five Orders of Architecture.

" *Vasari*, an Italian, who died in 1574, was a good Painter and Architect.

" *Palladio*, a famous Architect, was born at Vicenza, and died in 1580. Venice is full of his works. The celebrated Olympic Theatre of Vicenza is by him.

" *Bartholomew Ammanati*, a Florentine, died in 1586, was eminent in Sculpture, and gained great reputation in Architecture. It was he who finished the Pitti Palace.

" *Constantine Servi*, a Florentine, who died in 1622, was a Painter, Engineer, and Architect. The Great Sophy of Persia asked him of the Grand Duke, Cosmo II. and he remained a year in Persia, but what he did there is not known.

" *Jacques Desbrosses*, a celebrated French Architect, in the time of Mary de Medicis, gave the plan of the Luxembourg Palace. The design which this Artist also gave for the Façade of the Church of Saint Gervais, is highly spoken of: it contains three orders; the statues are heavy, and ill executed. Desbrosses also constructed the famous Aqueduct of Arcueil.

" *Inigo Jones* was born at London, and died in 1632. His principal works are the Banqueting-House, Whitehall, Lindsey Palace, the Church of St. Paul's Covent-Garden, &c. &c. The Architect Webb was his son-in-law and pupil.

" *François Mansard* was born at Paris, and died in 1666; he laid the foundation of Val-de-Grace; and is said to be the inventor of those apartments next the roof, which the French call *A la Mansard*.

" *James Van-Campen*, a Dutchman, died in 1638. He

“rebuilt, in a most majestic style, the Town-house of
 “Amsterdam, after it had been burnt down. This is the
 “finest edifice in all Holland. He painted also; but, as
 “he was rich, and of a noble family, he took no pecuniary
 “rewards for his Paintings and Designs.

“*François Boromini*, an Italian, died in 1667. He embellished the Spada Palace, and built a colonade gallery, the perspective of which makes it appear three times longer than it really is. The decorations of this gallery gave the Cavalier Bernini the idea of the famous *Scala Regia* (a).

“The Cavalier Bernini died in 1680. He was the son of a Sculptor, and at ten years of age carved a marble head, still to be seen at Saint Praxeda, which well merits the suffrages of all connoisseurs. Pope Paul V. would see him at work, and Bernini finished, in his presence, the model of a St. Paul's head, in half an hour. Bernini was scarce seventeen, when Rome already possessed several beautiful works of his composition, among which is the Daphne and Apollo. When Urban VIII. became Pope, he said to Bernini, *You are very happy to have seen the Cardinal Maffeo Barbarini elevated to the pontificate, but his happiness is superior to your's, since Bernini lives under his reign.* Bernini applied himself at once to Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; he executed the Confession of Saint Peter in bronze (b); the Fountain of the Square of Navoni, and four Colossal Figures, representing the Four Principal Rivers of the Earth, the Nile, the Danube, the Euphrates, and the

(a) The Connoisseurs hold Boromini to be an Architect of ill taste, and without genius.

(b) That is to say, the Canopy, Altar, &c. of Saint Peter.

“Niger.

" Niger. These figures sit on an enormous mass of rocks,
 " whence the water falls. The same Artist gave the de-
 " sign of the Fountain *Barcaccia* (Bad Bark) which is at
 " Rome in the Spanish Square. Bernini was famous for
 " many other works. The superb Stair-case beside Saint
 " Peter, the idea of which he took, as it is said, from Bo-
 " romini's small Gallery (a), and the charming Church
 " of the Noviciate of the Jesuits, at Rome, are by Bernini.
 " One of his best things in Sculpture, is Saint Theresa in
 " an Ecstasy, with an Angel piercing her Heart with a
 " flaming Dart. It is at Rome, in the Church of Notre-
 " Dame de la Victoire (b). Bernini looked upon the
 " famous Torfus as the most perfect remain of antiquity.
 " Bernini was active, laborious, ardent, and passionate;
 " but a good Christian, charitable and virtuous. He loved
 " the stage, and played Comedy, impromptu, in a superior
 " manner; he came into France, where he received many
 " marks of distinction from Louis XIV. (c).

" *Claude Perrault*, a French Architect, who died in

(a) He also built Saint Peter's Square and Colonade; and the
 Tombs of Urban VIII. and Alexander VII. in Saint Peter's
 Church, are by him. The latter is over a door in a dark place,
 like a species of cave; Bernini has taken advantage of this po-
 sition, and let a curtain fall over the door, which Death, beneath,
 raises, and half shews himself; the Pope enters, with Truth and
 Charity on each side. The one shews him the frightful spectre
 approaching, the other consoles and encourages him.

(b) The expression of Saint Theresa's face is sublime, the figure
 of the Angel delightful, but the Saint's drapery is too full of
 small folds, and bad. It is situated in a niche, over which is a
 window, which gives a brilliancy to the Angel that produces a
 very happy effect.

(c) The Bust of Louis XIV. and the Statue of Marcus Cur-
 tius, beyond the room of the Swiss, at Versailles, are by Bertini:

" 1688, was at once a Physician, Anatomist, Experimental
 " Philosopher, Painter, Musician, Engineer, and Archi-
 " tect. This learned man drew a design for the Façade of
 " the Louvre, which deserved the preference over all the
 " others that were presented. This superb Façade sur-
 " prized Bernini, and is, in fact, the finest piece of Archi-
 " tecture to be seen in any sovereign palace of Europe.
 " Perrault invented some very ingenious machines, to
 " carry and raise enormous stones; he also constructed a
 " superb triumphal arch, which stood at the gate of Saint
 " Antoine; likewise the Observatory, which is the finest
 " in Europe. When Perrault was admitted a member of
 " the *Academie des Sciences*, he no longer practised phys-
 " ics, except for his family, his friends, and the poor. He
 " published four volumes, entitled *Essais de Physique*; like-
 " wise a collection of the machines he had invented.
 " Charles Perrault, the brother of the Architect, wrote
 " the famous Parallel between the Ancients and the Mo-
 " derns, where he gave the preference entirely to the lat-
 " ter; which drew down the hatred of Boileau on both
 " the brothers. Perrault endeavoured, with a crowd of
 " French Artists, to seek for a new order of Architec-
 " ture; but discovered nothing, except a Corinthian Capi-
 " tal, to the foliage of which was ridiculously substituted an
 " ostrich plume of feathers, while the columns repre-
 " sented trunks of trees.

" François Blondel died in 1688. The Gates of Saint
 " Dennis, and Saint Antoine, at Paris, are by him; the first
 " very beautiful (a); the second, only remarkable for
 " some of the Sculpture.

(a) Blondel wrote all the Latin inscriptions on this gate; he
 was likewise a great Mathematician.

" Jules-

" *Jules-Hardouin Mansard*, son to the sister of François
 " Mansard, took the name of that Architect; his great
 " work is the chateau of Versailles. The plan of the Place
 " des Victoires was his, and he finished the famous church
 " des Invalides (began by *Liberal Brûant*) and built the Cu-
 " pola, which is the finest in Paris. He died in 1708.

" *Francesco Galli Bibiena*, an Italian, died in 1739,
 " and, as well as his brother, was a celebrated Painter
 " and Architect. He built the beautiful Theatre at Ve-
 " rona.

" *Christopher Wren*, an Englishman (a), died in 1723.
 " This Artist, at the age of sixteen, had made discoveries
 " in Astronomy and Mechanics. He was the Architect
 " of the famous St. Paul's, London; which was begun in
 " 1672, and finished in 1710; he laid the first stone him-
 " self, and his son the last.

" *Jacques Gabriel*, born at Paris, died in 1742, and began
 " the Pont Royal (b), which was finished by Le Frère
 " Romain.

" *Nicholas Salvi*, an Italian, was a Poet and Architect,
 " and died in 1751.

" *Boffrand*, who constructed the famous Well of the
 " Bicêtre, died in 1754 (c).

This catalogue might be much extended, for the au-
 thor from whom it is extracted, cites many great Ita-

(a) *Sir Christopher* — He received the honour of Knight-
 hood. T.

(b) *A bridge at Paris.* T.

(c) It's depth is 171 feet, it's diameter 15, and 9 of inexhaust-
 ible water; for the bottom is a rock, which is the source. A
 retreat has been dug in the side, two fathoms above the level of
 the water, six feet high, supported all round by iron, to contain
 workmen, tools, and every thing necessary for repairs.

lian Lords, who have applied themselves wholly to the study of Architecture, in which they have excelled. He does not, however, mention a very celebrated modern, Vanvitelli, who made the elegant and magnificent Staircase of the new Caserti Palace, near Naples, belonging to the King. Vanvitelli has been dead nine or ten years.

(3) He is called the Prince of Palagonia. His palace is near Palermo, and is thus described by Mr. Brydone, an English Traveller.

———" I shall therefore only speak of one, which, for
 " it's singularity, certainly, is not to be paralleled on the
 " face of the earth : it belongs to the Prince of P——,
 " a man of immense fortune, who has devoted his whole
 " life to the study of monsters and chimeras, greater
 " and more ridiculous than ever entered into the imagination
 " of the wildest writers of romance or knight-
 " errantry.

" The amazing crowd of statues that surround his
 " house, appear, at a distance, like a little army drawn
 " up for it's defence ; but when you get amongst them,
 " and every one assumes it's true likeness, you imagine
 " you have got into the regions of delusion and enchant-
 " ment ; for, of all that immense group, there is not
 " one made to represent any object in nature ; nor is the
 " absurdity of the wretched imagination that created
 " them less astonishing than it's wonderful fertility. It
 " would require a volume to describe the whole, and a
 " sad volume indeed it would make. He has put the
 " heads of men to the bodies of every sort of animal, and
 " the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men.
 " Sometimes he makes a compound of five or six ani-
 " mals that have no sort of resemblance in nature. He
 " puts

" puts the head of a Lion to the neck of a Goose, the
 " body of a Lizard, the legs of a Goat, the tail of a Fox.
 " On the back of this monster, he puts another, if possible,
 " still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a bush of
 " horns; they beat the beast in the Revelations all to nothing,
 " There is no kind of horn in the world that he has not
 " collected; and his pleasure is, to see them all flourishing
 " upon the same head. This is a strange species of mad-
 " ness; and it is truly unaccountable that he has not been
 " shut up many years ago: but he is perfectly innocent,
 " and troubles nobody by the indulgence of his phrenzy.
 " On the contrary, he gives bread to a number of Statuaries,
 " and other workmen, whom he rewards in proportion
 " as they can bring their imaginations to coincide with his
 " own; or, in other words, according to the hideousness
 " of the monsters they produce. It would be idle and
 " tiresome to be particular in an account of these absurd-
 " ties. The statues that adorn, or rather deform, the great
 " avenue, and surround the Court of the Palace, amount
 " already to 600; notwithstanding which, it may be truly
 " said, that he has not broken the second Commandment;
 " for, of all that number, there is not the likeness of any
 " thing in heaven above, the earth beneath, or in the
 " waters under the earth. The old ornaments, which were
 " put up by his father, who was a sensible man, appear to
 " have been in a good taste. They have all been knocked
 " to pieces, and laid together in a heap, to make room for
 " this new creation.

" The inside of this enchanted Castle corresponds exactly
 " with the out; it is in every respect as whimsical and
 " fantastical; and you cannot turn yourself to any side,
 " where you are not stared in the face by some hideous
 " figure or other. Some of the apartments are spacious
 " and

“and magnificent, with high arched roofs; which, instead
“of plaister or stucco, are composed entirely of large
“mirrors, nicely joined together. The effect that these
“produce (as each of them make a full angle with the
“other) is exactly that of a multiplying-glass; so that
“when three or four people are walking below, there is
“always the appearance of three or four hundred walking
“above. The whole of the doors are likewise covered
“over with small pieces of mirror, cut into the most ridiculous
“shapes, and intermixed with a great variety of
“crystal and glass of different colours. All the chimney-
“pieces, windows, and side-boards, are crowded with
“pyramids, and pillars of tea-pots, candle-cups, bowls,
“cups, saucers, &c. strongly cemented together: Some of
“these columns are not without their beauty; one of them
“has a large china chamber-pot for its base, and a circle
“of pretty little flower-pots for its capital; the shaft of
“the column, upwards of four feet long, is composed entirely
“of tea-pots, of different sizes, diminished gradually
“from the base to the capital. The profusion of china that
“has been employed in forming these columns is incredible;
“I dare say, there is not less than forty pillars and
“pyramids formed in this strange fantastic manner.

“Most of the rooms are paved with fine marble tables,
“of different colours, that look like so many tomb-stones.
“Some of these are richly wrought with lapis lazuli,
“porphyry, and other valuable stones: their fine polish is
“now gone, and they only appear like common marble.
“The place of these beautiful tables he has supplied by a
“new set of his own invention, some of which are not
“without their merit. These are made of the finest tortoise-
“shell, mixed with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and a variety of
“metals; and are mounted on fine stands of solid brass.

“The

“ The windows of this enchanted Castle are composed
“ of a variety of glass, of every different colour, mixed
“ without any sort of order or regularity. Blue, red, green,
“ yellow, purple, violet. So that, at each window, you
“ may have the heavens and earth of whatever colour you
“ chuse, only by looking through the pane that pleases you.

“ The house Clock is cased in the body of the Statue ;
“ the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, turn-
“ ing up their white and black alternately, and making a
“ hideous appearance.

“ His bed-chamber and dressing-room are like two apart-
“ ments in Noah's Ark ; there is scarce a beast, however
“ vile, that he has not placed there ; toads, frogs, serpents,
“ lizards, scorpions, all cut out in marble, of their respec-
“ tive colours. There are a great many busts, too, that are
“ not less singularly imagined.—Some of these make a very
“ handsome profile on one side ; turn to the other, and
“ you have a skeleton. Here you see a nurse with a child
“ in her arms ; its back is exactly that of an infant ; its face
“ is that of a wrinkled old woman of ninety.

“ For some minutes we can laugh at these follies, but
“ indignation and contempt soon get the better of your
“ mirth, and the laugh is turned into a sneer. I own I was
“ soon tired of them ; though some things are so strangely
“ fancied, that it may well excuse a little mirth, even from
“ the most rigid Cynic.

“ The family Statues are charming ; they have been done
“ from some old pictures, and make a most venerable ap-
“ pearance. He has dressed them out from head to foot, in
“ new and elegant suits of marble ; and indeed the effect
“ it produces is more ridiculous than any thing you can
“ conceive. Their shoes are all of black marble, their
“ stockings generally of red ; their clothes are of different
“ colours,

“ colours, blue, green, and variegated, with a rich lace of
“ giall’ antique. The periwigs of the men, and head-
“ dresses of the ladies, are of fine white ; so are their shirts,
“ with long flowing ruffles of alabaster. The walls of the
“ house are covered with some fine basso-relievos of white
“ marble, in a good taste : these he could not well take out,
“ or alter, so he has only added immense frames to them.
“ Each frame is composed of four large marble tables.

“ The author and owner of this ingenious collection is a
“ poor miserable lean figure, shivering at a breeze, and
“ seems to be afraid of every body he speaks to ; but (what
“ surprized me) I have heard him talk speciously enough on
“ several occasions. He is one of the richest subjects in the
“ island, and it is thought he has not laid out less than
“ twenty thousand pounds in the creation of this world of
“ monsters and chimeras.—He certainly might have fallen
“ upon some way to prove himself a fool at a cheaper rate.
“ However, it gives bread to a number of poor people, to
“ whom he is an excellent master. His house at Palermo
“ is a good deal in the same style ; his carriages are covered
“ with plates of brass, so that I really believe some of them
“ are musket proof.

“ The government has had serious thoughts of demolish-
“ ing the regiment of monsters he has placed round his
“ house ; but as he is humane and inoffensive, and as this
“ would certainly break his heart, they have as yet for-
“ borne. However, the seeing of them by women with
“ child, is said to have been already attended with very un-
“ fortunate circumstances ; several living monsters having
“ been brought forth in the neighbourhood. The ladies
“ complain, that they dare no longer take an airing in the
“ Bagaria, because some hideous form always haunts their
“ imagination for some time after : their husbands too, it
“ is

" is said, are as little satisfied with the great variety of
 " horns. *Brydone's Tour.*

(4) " The first music of the Romans came from the
 " Etruscans: it was rude, and without principles; but they
 " afterwards transported the Grecian music into Italy. The
 " first Roman who wrote on music, was the famous Archi-
 " tect Vitruvius. If Greece had her Timotheus and her
 " Tyrtæus, who produced such great effects on their hearers
 " Italy had her Stradella and Palma, who also, as it is said,
 " did astonishing things. Stradella, by playing on the vio-
 " lin, softened the heart of a villain, who intended to
 " have murdered him. Palma, a Neapolitan Singer, suffered
 " himself to be taken by a Creditor, who came to arrest
 " him; to whose menaces and injurious terms Palma only
 " replied, by singing several airs, and accompanying him-
 " self on the harpsichord. The Creditor's choler evapo-
 " rated, by degrees, and he was at last so perfectly calm,
 " that he not only remitted the debt, but gave Palma
 " ten pieces of gold, to assist him to pay his other Cre-
 " ditors (a)."

GREEK MUSICIANS.

" *Antimachus* was a great Musician, and composed several
 " Poems (b). One day, while reading in an assembly, he
 " saw

(a) *Brydone*, in the second volume of his *Tour*, relates an
 Anecdote of *Farinelli*: that having a pathetic Air to sing to a
 Tyrant, who had taken him and his mistress prisoners, the Actor,
 who played the Tyrant, and who was to have refused his request,
 was so affected that he forgot his part, melted into tears, and
 clasped his Captive in his arms.

(b) Poets, among the Greeks, were all Musicians. *Pindar* set
 his own Odes, and sang them at the Olympic Games; and it is
 well known, that the famous *Corinna* five times bore away the
 prize from *Pindar*.

" saw all his auditors began to be weary, and successively
 " to retire; but Plato still remaining, he exclaimed, *I will*
 " *continue to read, for Plato alone is worth a multitude.*

" *Damophilis*, the wife of Pamphilus and friend of Sappho,
 " composed hymns, which were sung in honour of Diana.
 " After the example of Sappho, she held assemblies, where
 " young women of superior understanding came to learn
 " Poetry and Music. Damophilis composed several Poems.

" *Lamia*, the most celebrated flute-player of her time,
 " was regarded as a prodigy, for her beauty, wit, and
 " abilities. Plutarch and Athenæus assure us she received,
 " from all parts, the greatest honours.

" *Nanno*, *Nemeade*, *Telezilla-Nerea*, were also famous
 " female Musicians.

" The celebrated Thymele, invented the Theatrical
 " Dance, &c."

This catalogue is equally interesting and extensive in the
 work of M. de la Borde; but I shall confine myself (having
 no other view than that of exciting emulation) to extract
 from this work a short account of the most celebrated
 modern Female Musicians.

" *Marguerita Archinta*, of a great family at Milan,
 " joined to the graces of person, the agreeable talents of
 " Poetry and Music. She wrote many songs and madrigals,
 " and set them herself. She lived about the beginning of
 " the sixteenth century.

" *Julia Vareza*, a Nun, was admired for her musical
 " abilities and excellent singing. She also wrote good
 " Poetry.

" *Maria Marguerita Costa*, a Roman, was a woman of
 " vast erudition, and applied herself, with success, to va-
 " rious branches of Literature. She wrote several poetical
 " Operas.

" *Faustina Bordonì*, a Venetian, and wife to the celebrated composer John-Adolphus Hasse, surnamed *il Sassone*, was a singer of the first class, and invented a new kind of manner, which required surprizing execution, neatness, and admirable precision. She had the art powerfully to sustain her voice and take her breath, without being perceived. She appeared at the Theatre of Venice, in 1716.

" *Dauphine de Sartre*, wife to the *Marquis de Robias*, was perfectly acquainted with ancient and modern Philosophy, Algebra, and other branches of the Mathematics. Music was her amusement; she composed with facility, sang well, and played on the harpsichord, the orbo, and lute. She died at Arles, in 1685.

" *Elizabeth Claude Jacquet de la Guerre*, born at Paris, gave proofs, during her earliest infancy, of extraordinary musical abilities. At fifteen, she played the harpsichord before the King: Madame de Montespan kept her three or four years. She married Marin de la Guerre, an organist, and gave the world *Cephalus and Procris* (the words by Duché) three books of *Cantatas*, a Collection of Harpsichord Lessons, another of Sonatas, and a *Te Deum* for the King's recovery, with grand chorusses, which was performed in the Chapel of the Louvre, 1721. She died in 1729.

" *Madame la Marquise de la Mézangère* was born in 1693, and played excellently on the harpsichord. She also understood composition perfectly, but would never publish her works. *Madame la Marquise de Gange*, her daughter, who died in 1741, played equally well on the harpsichord, though she never had any master but her mother. *Madame de la Mézangère* likewise taught a boy, who
" made

“made so great a progress, that he became teacher to the
“Queen and Royal Family of France.

“*Jean-Marie le Clair* was born at Lyons, and, originally,
“a Dancer at Rouen. By some odd accident, the famous
“Dupré played the violin, at the same time, in the orchestra
“of the same Theatre: but being each dissatisfied with
“themselves, they each did justice to their talents, and
“changed professions. Dupré became the greatest Dancer
“that ever existed, and le Clair opened a new career to
“harmony. He was murdered, no one knows how, as
“he was entering his own house, after he had been supping
“abroad, on the 22d of October, at night, 1764.” — *Essai*
sur la Musique.

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END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.